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A Plea for Unified Command
By REPRESENTATIVE MELVIN J. MAAS

AN OPEN LETTER TO VICE-PRESIDENT WALLACE
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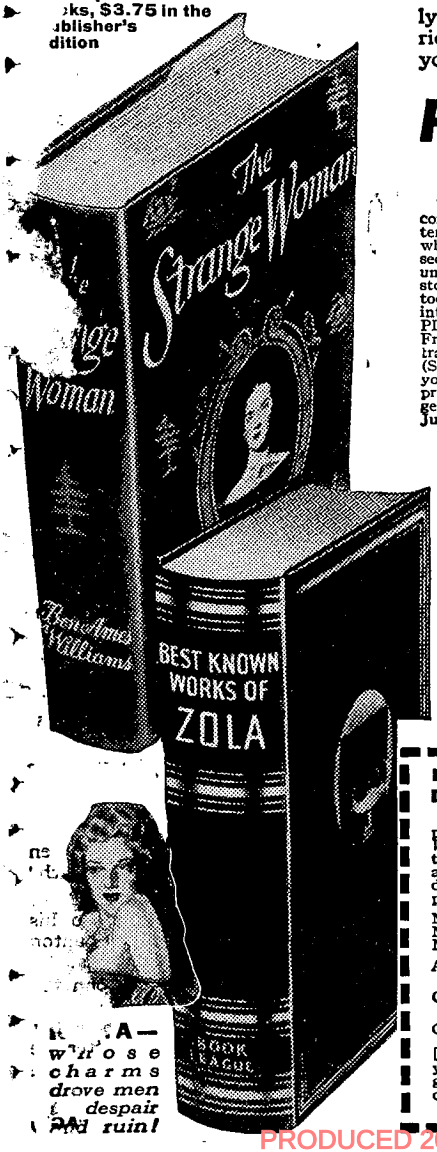

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Mistakes I Saw in the Pacific ..... Melvin J. Maas 5
A Voice In America, *A Poem* ..... Matthew Biller 15
Ruth Mitchell: American Chetnik ..... Mary Van Rensselaer Thayer 16
The Peoples of North Africa ..... Edward J. Bing 24
STATE OF THE UNION:
An Open Letter to Vice-President Wallace ..... Eugene Lyons 31
Music Between Two Wars ..... Winthrop Sargeant 38
I Adopt an Ancestor, *A Fable* ..... Sholem Asch 47
German Lies About Versailles ..... George Creel 54
Two Poems ..... Kingsley Tufts 63
San Francisco — Boom Town De Luxe ..... Lucius Beebe 66
Enough For All! ..... Dorothy Thompson 75
The Scandalous Silver Bloc ..... Elliott V. Bell 80
You Can Pull Out Any Time, *A Story* ..... Chenoweth Hall 87
Must America Go Hungry? ..... James Staniford 92
THE THEATRE:
Yes, We Have Some Bananas ..... George Jean Nathan 102
DOWN TO EARTH:
The Mind of the Wild ..... Alan Devoe 109
Woodcut by Frank Utpatel
THE LIBRARY:
Literary Signposts ..... William Y. Tindall 114
CHECK LIST 120
OPEN FORUM 122
CONTRIBUTORS 125
CARTOONS by: Derso and Kelen, Stan Fraydas, Eric Godal, Eric Peters, and Corka

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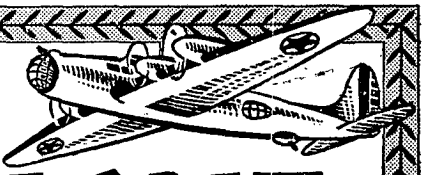

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VOLUME LVI JANUARY, 1943 NUMBER 229

The American
MERCURY

MISTAKES I SAW IN THE PACIFIC

A Plea For Unified Command

By Representative Melvin J. Maas

I talked long and earnestly with General MacArthur at his Australian headquarters; with Lieutenant General George Kenney, commander of the Army Air Forces in the Southwest Pacific; and with Admiral Nimitz at Pearl Harbor. I was ashore with the Marines at Guadalcanal when they were forced to fight around the clock for weeks and to subsist partly from captured Jap supplies. I talked with many admirals and generals in the Pacific and the views expressed in this article are in essence the views of most of them. Nearly all urged me to do two things when I reached Washington:

1. Fight for the creation of a truly unified command, and

An airman and a colonel in the Marine Corps Reserve, Representative Maas returned recently from four months of active duty in the Pacific. He was attached to the naval command during the early operations at Guadalcanal and later accompanied our troops during the Port Moresby and Milne Bay battles. Colonel Maas enlisted as a Marine private in the first World War. He has represented the Fourth Minnesota District for fourteen years, is the ranking minority member of the House Naval Affairs Committee, and he is generally regarded as among the best informed men in Congress on military matters.
— The Editors.

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2. Tell the facts about our military situation in the Pacific, so that sufficient emphasis may be placed on this arena.

The two things are closely related. When the American people understand the seriousness of the Pacific picture, they will recognize that we cannot afford confusion, bad planning or friction over command.

In conveying my findings in the Pacific, I am handicapped by the fact that I cannot reveal as a Congressman all that I know as a Marine officer. I am handicapped further by the fact that I am a Republican and hence open to the charge of "injecting politics into the war effort" when I criticize current conditions. I tried to avoid this last handicap by deliberately holding my main fire until after the election.

My position as a critic has been made more difficult by a third factor: good news. We have landed brilliantly in French North Africa. We have smashed a great Jap naval armada in the Solomons. Thus it can be said that our war machinery must be functioning properly, and that those who dare to raise questions should be ashamed of themselves. It is no fun to be the sour note in a nation-wide chorus of jubilation.

It is with a keen and uncomfortable sense of this background that I proceed, nevertheless, to argue for more intelligent military organization. I do so as a matter of duty as an American and as a legislator. I feel that it would be fatal if we permitted victories, however impressive, to blind us to the need for reforming and perfecting our military machinery. Victories can be won — indeed, the war can be won — despite divided commands and disjointed planning. But more victories can be scored, their cost in life and substance can be lowered, the chance of staggering defeats can be reduced, and the final knockout to the Axis can be hastened if we correct mistakes and organize our fighting forces with a proper regard for change.

In short, we must not permit good news to make us complacent and to make our leadership smug. Now that we seem, at last, to be in a position to undertake offensive action, it is more vital than ever to eliminate all paralyzing struggles for command, to end competition between services, and to set up truly unified commands in Washington and in each of the main theatres of action.

Army generals everywhere said to me: "Help us get a supreme commander even if he has to be an ad-

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miral. It makes little difference who he is, if only we can have a final military authority." And admirals said to me: "We've got to have a unified, supreme command. We don't care whether he is a general or an admiral, just so he is a military man. We can't run this war on compromise forever."

When I brought these messages home, I was told sharply that we *have* a unified command "at the top" and that we have a "supreme commander" in the President. I shall be told that again when these words appear in print.

The fact, however, is that the Army and the Navy are run as entirely separate organizations with separate staffs and at times *separate strategic plans;* each of them has its own conception of war-making and its own idea of how to win the war. Our air strength remains divided among three organizations. Our joint staff in Washington is at bottom only a committee. The best it can hope to do is to reconcile Army and Navy viewpoints and to work out compromise procedures. It cannot in the nature of the case start from scratch — as the German General Staff does, for instance — to develop over-all plans and enforce them automatically.

As a Marine officer and as an observer of the other branches of the service, I have reported to Washington that the officers in the Pacific do *not* regard the present setup in the capital as a true military supreme command. They are not content with mere "co-ordination" and "co-operation" of separate and sometimes competing services, because the process of give-and-take, the jockeying for leadership, operates against us. Nothing less than *integration* of the whole war effort, they feel, can do the job. That is why they want a real unified command in Washington and a real unified command in the whole Pacific.

II

Whatever has been said in Washington, I can attest as one who was on the scene and who later discussed the facts with all the leaders involved that the movement into the Solomons was not properly planned; that MacArthur's complaint about its being a "Navy show" must not be lightly brushed aside; that there was a woeful and expensive lack even of "co-operation" and "co-ordination," let alone true unity, between the Army and the Navy; and that our fighting men had to make up in blood and sweat for errors which might have been avoided by uni-

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fied leadership and a properly co-ordinated plan.

Consider this spectacle, for example. As Navy ships were landing Marines in the Solomons, Jap aircraft from Rabaul and New Guinea attacked continually. Now Rabaul and New Guinea are in "MacArthur's sector" and those Jap planes should have been an Army responsibility. Why did not MacArthur's planes attack Rabaul and New Guinea in sufficient force at the time of the Marine landings in the Solomons? Whose timing went wrong? Who failed to "co-ordinate" with whom?

Because the Jap planes were not stopped at their bases and consequently swarmed over the Marine landings, the Navy ships had to dump the Marines and run. Supplies and lives were needlessly lost. The Marines found themselves ashore with few supplies, no reinforcements and no relief. It was the Army's job to relieve us, because the Navy's supply of ground troops is limited. But the Army has no ships, and besides, the Solomons action was considered a "Navy show."

I am not repeating hearsay. I was there, among the landed Marines. For a month on Guadalcanal they were obliged to live on captured Jap food. To hold their own they had to make use of captured enemy weapons and ammunition. They went through a living hell, week after week, without rest and little if any sleep. The land fighting was done at night, while Jap ships lay offshore and shelled our positions. At dawn, the first wave of enemy bombers came and the bombing continued most of the day.

These men had to stand this ordeal, unrelieved, for weeks primarily because there had not been proper planning. I am not blaming any of the commanders in the field. They and their men are fighting brilliantly and with magnificent courage. But why did not the Navy ships rush Army forces to the scene to relieve and reinforce the Marines? Why were the air forces not combined and "co-ordinated?" Was any time squandered in "negotiations" between separate outfits, in the absence of a final, unquestioned authority? Why was there not, from the beginning, a combined plan of operations against the Japanese in the entire sector — a plan which took the Army, the Navy, the Marines, the several air forces, everything available into consideration, under a commander with power to use all these factors as needed?

I am simply trying to state from facts which I have, without going

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into detail, that there was not a proper plan. In the light of the Solomons action, I am convinced that those of us who have the power to create a unified command but fail to do so will have to accept the blame for any recurrence of this situation. My conviction in this respect is not shaken by the great naval victory in the Solomons subsequently. We must not let that victory veil fundamental facts. For four months, we have been fighting to hold one important beach-head in the Solomons. While we might have been fighting *offensively* long ago, we have been struggling desperately to hold that beach-head and we have lost a good-sized fleet in the effort.

The difficulties responsible for this picture are inherent in the divided setup in Washington and in the Pacific. We have negotiation and bargaining where we should have clear-cut *orders*.

The Army has no ships. The Navy has no troops. There is no one who has both elements, and everything else necessary for a modern offensive, at his instant disposal. If the Army plans to move a given number of divisions to a new position across water, it must negotiate for transports and for supply ships. If the Navy considers an offensive operation, it must negotiate for Army divisions to relieve and supplement its Marines. Air strength is in a hopelessly divided condition.

When a problem of ships and divisions and planes arises in the Pacific, it must be referred to Washington. Here the matter is referred to a group which remains essentially a committee, even though we call it a joint staff. Every member on the committee but one, the President's man, represents his particular service and a settlement normally represents a compromise between conflicting service viewpoints. If there is no settlement, the problem is dumped on the lap of the Chief Executive. The whole affair is as likely as not to end in a compromise, which is scarcely a satisfactory basis for military achievement.

There is no High Command, in the military sense, either for our own forces or for the forces of the United Nations. We are trying to win the war by committee and negotiation. We will win notwithstanding, but that is no excuse for not fighting in the most organized and effective manner.

III

Let us look at the results of twelve months of separate planning and

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divided authority in the Pacific. Our people must come to a realization of what we are up against, in order that they may not succumb to soporific optimism under the influence of good news.

The Jap attack at Pearl Harbor put our Pacific Fleet out of effective action during the months in which Japan conquered her new empire. Though we have been able to put most of the ships back into service, the enemy had the edge on us during the months when salvage and repair work was under way. Reckoned in terms of what it will cost us to drive the Japs from the conquered territories, Pearl Harbor was the greatest military disaster in our history. The rôle played by divided command in that tragedy is by this time well known.

The Doolittle raid on Tokyo confused and misled our people. Americans justly asked, "If we can so easily bomb Japan, without loss of men or planes, why don't we have more such raids?" Only after long delay did they begin to comprehend that the operation was staged for psychological effect only, that it was a "stunt." The planes carried no demolition bombs — only fire bombs — and the price paid, especially in planes lost, was exceedingly heavy.

In the Macassar Straits and Java Sea engagements, the Allied fleet was hopelessly outgunned and outmaneuvered by the Japs. In this instance, our naval men anticipated this condition but were honor-bound to support the Dutch. In Coral Sea and off Midway Island, the Jap fleet for the first time met its master, in the form of American air power. Our losses were severe and the victories were purely defensive, in that they stopped further advances by the enemy.

As to the Solomons, I have already indicated the confusion and lack of co-ordination in the initial stages. The later engagement in which we lost four heavy cruisers can be charged to negligence and to divided responsibility. Our force was warned during the afternoon that three Jap cruisers were approaching at a speed of fifteen knots. Our commander did not believe the three enemy warships would dare attack our much larger force, and even if they dared, they would not come within range until the following morning. But the Japs increased their speed, executed a daring maneuver, and within eight minutes, our four cruisers had been hit mortally and the attackers were gone.

Now why do I insist that this

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tragic mistake be recognized since it cannot be undone? Because an effort has been made to "alibi" this disaster. We have been told that it was necessary to sacrifice these ships in order to protect our transports; that by resisting the Japs, these ships saved our landing party from attack. None of this is true. Because the Japs were so heavily outnumbered, they obviously had no intention of pressing the attack and reaching our transports. They planned a hit-and-run engagement — and they pulled it off. I believe it is safer for us to admit this and be on guard against recurrence than to pretend that we were not asleep.

Thus, after a year of fighting, we must face up to an unpleasant accounting in the Pacific. The remarkable courage of our men at Guadalcanal has enabled us to maintain a foothold in the Solomons. The latest naval engagement has been a significant victory in that it cut sharply into the enemy's naval strength. But it was primarily a defensive victory. The Coral Sea and Midway victories were also of a defensive nature. The brilliant Doolittle raid was a psychological action, without strategic purpose. The realistic fact is that the offensive has been held consistently by the Japs, who have grabbed a fabulous empire and are now consolidating it.

We must recognize this general condition and not permit our heads to be turned by the self-evident gallantry of our forces and occasional victories. Then we will recognize, also, that we still need the kind of unified planning and authority which will enable us to take the offensive with the greatest chance of success. Not all of our failures in the Pacific can be attributed to divided authority. But the one certainty is that, to retrieve those failures, we must overcome the fearful handicaps involved in the present military setup.

Japan has already won substantially what she was after, if she can hold what she now has. She is vulnerable; she has been wounded badly. The possibilities opened up by these factors must be exploited, which means that the necessity for centralized authority and unequivocal planning is greater than ever. Remember that the new Jap empire is almost self-contained. It is all within protected lines, radiating from Tokyo through the entire empire. The Nipponese are feverishly converting tin, rubber, oil, iron and aluminum into weapons. If they are permitted to build up war production with their vast new labor supply while holding present lines, we may never be able to outproduce them.

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What I have seen in the Pacific convinces me that we must not regard Japan as a secondary threat during 1943. By treating the Pacific as a "holding point," while we defeat Hitler, we play right into Japan's hands. It would be precisely the respite the Nipponese want, since their strategy is simply to hold what they have conquered. If permitted to do so, Japan will have won its war. We must reform our lines — especially in terms of unified command — for a big Pacific job.

IV

The first realization that came to me during my service in the Pacific was the absolute necessity for perfect timing and teamwork among all our arms, even in the smallest operation. There is no place for the Army to maneuver independently, for the Navy to stage any separate "shows," or for any of the several air arms to monopolize any action. Modern warfare is one operation, demanding one plan, one supreme staff, one supreme commander, one integrated effort.

In Washington, we now have two separate planning agencies — the Army and the Navy. In the Pacific, we have two separate planning agencies, with air strength split three ways. The trouble with the planning boards as now constituted — including the joint staff — is that the various members are there in the first place as representatives of their branches of the service. They are charged with the responsibility of presenting to the joint group the views and contentions and honest strategic obsessions of the planning boards of the Army or the Navy. That is why they add up to a "committee" rather than a true General Staff or High Command. Only Admiral Leahy, in the present setup, is relieved of direct responsibility to his service, but that is not sufficient to convert a committee into a High Command. I know full well about the Joint Chiefs of Staff (of our Army and Navy) and the Combined Chiefs of Staff (of the United Nations) and their "co-ordination." The fact remains that there is no joint elaboration of a single plan, but a continuous process of reconciling plans made separately, with compromise procedures as the inevitable consequence.

A proper planning agency, I believe, would be composed of officers who do not owe an accounting to any particular branch of the total services, being responsible only to the President. An admiral would not represent the Navy or

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be under compulsion to fight for the Navy plan or viewpoint. He would merely contribute his special knowledge in evolving a proper over-all plan for victory — and similarly with ground generals and air generals.

At the head of this High Command, I would place a supreme chief — the one man charged with final decision and the military commander of all the forces. Personally, I believe that under modern conditions this man should be an airman trained in the other services, if possible. We have a number of officers fully capable of exercising such responsibility; General Kenney, General Harmon, General Andrews, Admiral King, Admiral Nimitz, Admiral Halsey are a few by way of indication. This supreme military man, naturally, would be subject to removal by the President; but he would have unabridged authority and the advice of an independent group of strategic thinkers while in command.

The President, under the Constitution, is the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and the Navy, but it certainly was not intended that a civilian without military training should direct the actual military operations of our armed forces. His responsibility is to determine and define the broad national aims in war, but not to take personal charge of the military strategy and field tactics in carrying out those broad aims.

The same system of unified command, independent of the individual services, must be extended to the various theatres of conflict. Thus the operations front in the Pacific would be commanded by a replica of the supreme staff in Washington. It would have a single commander for the Pacific, completely responsible for the implementing of the grand strategy. It would have direct access to all available forces without negotiating with the individual services. Whenever it planned to move a division to a certain point, the staff would have the authority to assign the necessary ships and aircraft. Whenever a naval action required support of ground troops, the support should be assigned. There would be no more Navy "shows" or Army "shows," because there would be only *one* process of planning. The supreme command would issue the orders and the officers of the various units — whether Navy, Army, Marine, or Aviation — would carry out the tactical operations.

As for our air power, it should by this time be obvious to everyone that it must all be *united* and given

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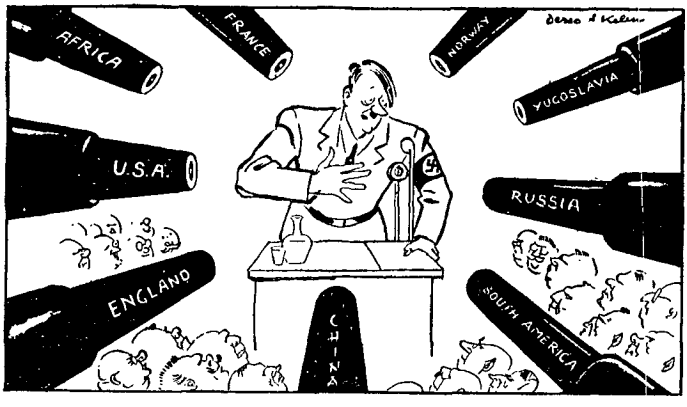
the status of a strategic (as against a merely accessory) weapon. There is no reason under the sun why the Army, Navy and Marine Corps should each have its separate land-based air facilities and personnel. The aircraft carrier, of course, is an intermediary form that must remain with the Navy. But all of our land-based aviation should be unified and made an integral part of the unified war machine, on a par with strategic arms like the Army and the Navy.

As soon as we can effect the change, indeed, I believe we should do away with the Army, Navy, Marines and Air Force as such, and place them all within the framework of a single organization of the American armed forces. Within this framework, the various strategic weapons would have as much administrative autonomy as is consistent with unified utilization of the entire military potential by a supreme General Staff under a supreme military commander. Our war schools and colleges would then train our officers in the single science of making war with all modern appliances, with provisions for specialization in handling specific weapons like ground forces, tanks, aviation, naval forces, and so on.

This may sound complicated because of its simplicity, but I am convinced we must come to it. In present-day warfare, the functions of the various weapons are so integrated that separation makes no sense. There has been a revolution in war-making and we cannot expect to win without a corresponding revolution in the military setup.



"I will not flee like the Kaiser . . . ."

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A VOICE IN AMERICA

A SOUND is made within America to lift
above her wooded Appalachian, to thread
her secret web of myriad cities and echo
western plains and eastern rivers; a sound
to touch Sierra's snow and stir the fruit
of Shenandoah and Turlock orchards: a voice
whose heart has eaten ashes in the dark
because America cries against the crib.

A voice tensioned with waiting will arise
And rub against this wilderness of lost
Americans; and wander through the maze
of Tennessee and Kansas, through the streets
of Denver and Manhattan; through shafts of ship
and factory, through lash of truck and locomotive,
through whirr of press and whang of hammer, and burn
a promise on the sky with hope and passion . . .

and yearn against this unsure continent,
and feed it mother's milk, and haunch above
its hapless form till bones contour, and hands
get strength, and eyes conceive the eyes and shapes
of brothers; and needs and wisdoms work together.
To house and shop, to men at rest and men
at industry this voice will come, driving
before its presence common enemies
of all men in this land . . . oppression, greed,
and treachery to innocence and truth . . .
to die before a common wall — before
the face where dignity has been with-held;
before the American voice of unimportant
people saying: "People are important!"

A voice is waking from the cradle of America . . .
sighing . . . yearning . . . straining at the shape of words
beyond the muttering of growth and hunger . . .
rising above the hedge of class and custom . . .
crying: "In the wilderness and mercy . . .
in the wilderness and justice and the hearts
of people is a mighty nation made."

— MATTHEW BILLER

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▶ *General "Billy" Mitchell's sister escaped Hitler's firing squad.*

RUTH MITCHELL: AMERICAN CHETNIK

By Mary Van Rensselaer Thayer

When the Nazi armies smashed through France in the spring of 1940, Ruth Mitchell was living in the small Montenegrin town of Cetinje. A few months later, this younger sister of the late General "Billy" Mitchell was a sworn member of Yugoslavia's fighting Chetniks — a lone American woman among a band of guerilla patriots, her life pledged to the cause of Serbian freedom. Ultimately, the Axis invaders caught up with her, and like thousands of her fellow "spies," she was trapped in the jaws of a Nazi court-martial. Only by the slimmest miracle is she safely back in America today, instead of mouldering in a Balkan grave.

A fateful chain of events plunged Ruth Mitchell into this fantastic adventure. She had come to the Balkans several years previously to photograph King Zog's wedding for a London newspaper. The assignment had grown out of an amateur interest in photography, and was more in the nature of a lark than a professional job. What began as a two-week trip, however, turned into a permanent visit. King Zog liked her work so much that he asked her to stay and make an illustrated guidebook for the Albanian government. Ruth became enamored of the Balkan countries, lived in a house on the Adriatic and decided to spend the rest of her life in Yugoslavia. In that peninsula of political intrigue, it was beyond Balkan comprehension that an attractive woman, with a generous income, should live alone and spend her time in the study of native folklore. She was arrested countless times, accused in turn of being a British, Greek, Soviet, and Yugoslav spy.

Fortunately, Ruth Mitchell had made many friends. Time and again she was saved from expulsion by Sava Medich, a six-foot-four Montenegrin flying officer. Medich had been speaker of the Yugoslav congress before its abolishment by King Alexander. Though Ruth was not immediately aware of it, Medich was one of a handful of Montenegrin officers planning the *coup d'état* to exile Regent Prince

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Paul and place young King Peter II in power. Like all Serbs, Montenegrins, and South Slavs, he and his companions were rabidly anti-Nazi, considering any Axis cooperation as a national dishonor. When France fell, Medich knew that his country would soon be at war. As Ruth spoke French and German perfectly and enough Serbian to travel throughout the country, he felt that she could be useful in many ways, and asked her to help. By this time Ruth had a house in Belgrade, where she had become intensely interested in the Chetnik organization. Amused at her enthusiasm, Medich laughingly suggested she join. To his amazement, she did!

The Chetniks are a typically Serbian organization. Guerilla revolutionaries, they came into being centuries ago to fight for Serbian freedom. Until the last war ended, they battled relentlessly — first against the Turks, then the Austrians. Now they are fighting again, with old-time fervor, against the greatest oppressor in their history. The Chetniks have no regular equipment, and serve without pay. They provide their own food, often their own ammunition. Today ammunition is a problem for, like their guns, most of it has been captured. They must match bullets and rifles as carefully as the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle.

Ruth Mitchell was sworn in by Kosta Pechanetz, a seasoned leader who asked her to be staff liaison officer. Out of consideration for Ruth's American citizenship, the complicated Chetnik oath was pared. No allegiance to the Yugoslav king was asked, but she swore to defend Serbian liberty to her death. On the table in front of her were the implements of initiation, a dagger and revolver. High in a corner was a skull and crossbones which, she learned, were those of a young Chetnik. His mother, unknowing, came to the office daily to inquire about her son.

Ruth thus became the only foreign, though not the only female, member of the Chetniks. She was not outstandingly conspicuous, for a number of Serbian women are also in the organization. Her first assignment was to communicate with the British army, then on its way to Macedonia. She never started. The Nazis, cutting through Bulgaria, joined the Italians in Albania and penned the small British force in Salonika. On the morning of March 25, 1941, the Yugoslav delegates, headed by Premier Svetkovich, signed the Nazi nonaggression pact in Berlin. Gestapo men moved into Belgrade's Astoria

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Hotel, taking over the post office and radio. Two days later, however, the *coup d'état* was effected, and Belgrade went wild. A thousand Chetnik comrades, with Ruth among them, paraded before the king, singing the national anthem.

Their jubilation was short-lived. Without warning, the Nazis bombed Belgrade on Palm Sunday, April 6. Explosions shattered the windows of Ruth's house, hundreds lay dead or dying in the streets. A great exodus from Belgrade began. Ruth crammed a few necessities into a sleeping bag, strapped it to her back and started off afoot. Penniless, she made her way to Uzic, where the American consul lent her some money. Then she struck toward the coast to get between the German and Italian armies. Her plan was to lie low for a few weeks, then double back to Podgorica with any information she could gather. It took her ten long days to reach Dubrovnik, a seaside resort she knew well. Here she felt safe. The local curio dealers, from whom she had often made large purchases, proved useful friends.

The day after her arrival, the Italians moved in, and with them came Dietrich, Nazi Gestapo chief. It was now or never for Ruth to escape. With a passport obtained from a naïve Italian commandant, she got ready to board a small ship which was to sail south secretly before dawn. A few hours of daylight remained. To celebrate her impending departure, Ruth took a last swim. Still feeling jubilant upon returning to her pension, she started to dance. Her shadow, cast by the setting sun, dipped and swayed along the wall of the empty bar. Suddenly, another shadow joined hers. She stared, until the other shadow touched her shadow on the shoulder and spoke in German.

She was wearing slacks; her bathing suit was slung over her shoulder. The German allowed her to change her clothes. The concession saved her life, because it enabled her to conceal her Chetnik pass and don citizen's attire. Nevertheless, she was taken to a filthy prison, where she spent the night herded with drunks and prostitutes. In the morning she was whisked away to another foul jail in Sarajevo. Then she was switched to Belgrade. She was forbidden to communicate with anyone. Since the Nazis never dared place her name on the prison list, Ruth Mitchell simply vanished.

II

Apparently in a hopeless trap, Ruth Mitchell did not despair. She

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drew on the courage and inventiveness inherited from a fighting family, an inheritance derived from men like her elder brother, General "Billy" Mitchell, who sacrificed his career for the cause of air power; and like her grandfather, Alexander Mitchell, a pioneer who established Chicago's first bank and then rode northward to Milwaukee on a white horse, his fortune tied up in a bag of jingling gold coins hung from the saddle.

Ruth's father and mother were cast in the traditional Mitchell mold. Her father, John Landrum Mitchell, had been an outstanding liberal senator from Wisconsin whose pet projects were the forty-hour week and the anti-injunction law. He married a woman six feet tall who sat so rigidly upright she never touched the back of her chair, and who ran her household with military precision. Notables flocked to the parties she gave at the family's huge marble residence in Washington. Red-haired, freckled Ruth consequently grew up on friendly terms with such public figures as President McKinley, and enjoyed the further advantage of extensive travel. She learned perfect German in four years spent at a school near Hannover, became an expert horsewoman, studied until she was competent on the violin and lute.

The world was her home. At sixteen, she visited her brother Billy in the Philippines and familiarized herself with many of the lonely outposts recently in the headlines. Later, she met her first husband in Sicily, where her parents had leased the Taormina house of Robert Hichens. The newlyweds moved to England and lived there through the first World War. Two children were born: a son, John, an RAF pilot who was killed a year ago over Libya, and a daughter. After the war, her life became a succession of adventures — slipping off on yachts, whisking over the Continent, dawdling at castles and remote islands.

In between junkets, Ruth made two unusual educational experiments. She transformed the coach house at Chiddingfold Manor, her English country place, into a miniature theatre where some two hundred neighboring children made costumes, painted scenery and acted in plays which she wrote for them. Newspapers praised the productions and the Chiddingfold Players became famous. The second experiment evolved from her love of travel. Hoping to share experiences with her children and their friends, she started a magazine called *Friendship*, privately printed at first and full of travel stories

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which she wrote herself. Within three years, this publication had fifty thousand subscribers and a list of noted contributors. Letters from young readers asking if they could actually take the trips they read about became so numerous that Ruth created a travel bureau, "The Young Adventurers," on a pattern now followed by the youth hostels. The footloose youngsters were able to ramble over Germany, Belgium and France, spending their nights in old castles provided by the various governments.

Married again, to an English schoolmaster, Ruth worked steadily without vacation for the next four years, enabling more than seven thousand children to take Young Adventurer trips. It was a rewarding experiment in international friendship, she discovered, but the bureau came to an end with Hitler's rise to power. The Nazis wanted their children to stay home and make no comparisons with the Fatherland. The Führer liquidated the Young Adventurers with flattering promptness.

Ruth sought a new outlet for her energies. She determined to make a moving picture of Irish children, and although she knew nothing of photography, rented a pre-focused Leica and began to take a series of preliminary stills. To everyone's surprise but her own, she proved to be a camera genius. Portraits of children, peasants and horses were exhibited immediately at Selfridge's. De Valera, on one of his rare London trips, spent many hours looking at the Mitchell photographs. Newspapers and magazines sought the Mitchell talents. The London *Illustrated News* beat its competitors and sent Ruth to Albania to photograph King Zog's wedding. This assignment set the stage for the Chetnik phase of her career, because it sent her off on a ramble through small Balkan villages, listening to the half-mythical tales of Serbian heroism.

Thus began the chain of events which eventually landed Ruth Mitchell, Chetnik, in a Belgrade prison cell, where she endured a thirteen-month ordeal of torture. She slept on straw in a prison cell packed with twenty other women, breathing air poisoned by stifling heat and sewage odors.

To keep her faculties alert, Ruth hid a scrap of pencil and wrote a diary on sheets of toilet paper which she had saved from her knapsack sleeping bag. Eventually, she stitched the diary into the shoulder padding of her dress and smuggled it out. Her fellow prisoners were a strange assortment. A plump, el-

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derly Jewess, whose Christian husband owned the largest stocking factory in Yugoslavia, had been jailed merely because of her race. A Serbian streetwalker stood of nights at the barred cell door, and kissed the guards so that they might blow cigarette smoke into her mouth. There was also Flora Sands, an old-Englishwoman who had served years in the Serbian cavalry. Before her Serbian husband was shot, the Nazis allowed the two crumpled figures to say farewell on a corridor bench. And then there was the woman who had betrayed her husband to save her children. Slowly going mad, she sang Serbian love songs in a beautiful, mellow voice.

Ruth witnessed the tragic last days of Zora, a delicate young violinist who had belonged to a Serbian secret society and had been assigned to toss a bottle of gasoline into an automobile standing in front of Nazi headquarters. Zora was caught and tortured, not for her offense but because the Nazis wanted her to betray her Jewish lover. Daily beatings failed to move the girl and at last the Germans took her home, offering to free her if she would disclose her lover's hiding place. Zora was back in prison within an hour. Soon after, when Ruth was en route to another prison, she asked the accompanying Nazi officer what the great German Reich gained by torturing one small, insignificant girl. "Little kittens can scratch, too," he replied. Glancing at his watch, he added: "But she can't scratch any more — Zora was hanged about an hour ago."

III

Ruth was twice court-martialed within a few weeks of her imprisonment in Belgrade. The second farcical trial lasted four days. In a small room, she faced her judges — three brutal Germans who seemed, as she later put it, a caricature of all Nazi officers. She faced them alone, without legal aid of any kind. Stacked on the table was her dossier, page after page of it. The judges were arrogantly proud of this document, and wanted merely to corroborate the facts rather than elicit new information. They told her where she had been to school, where she had traveled, when she was married. "You have a son and daughter," they said. "Where are they?" And scarcely listening to her reply, "in America," they passed to the next question. Fortunately, the Gestapo never suspected that her son was in the RAF. After many more questions,

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the ranking officer said coldly: "The evidence is closed!"

Naturally, Ruth had been prejudged. She was to be shot, after all. Suddenly an idea flashed into her mind: Germany and America were not yet at war. Ruth held an American passport. The Germans wanted to keep America neutral at any cost. Playing a hunch, she said calmly in German: "If anything happens to me, many German women will weep!" Startled, the officers asked her what she meant. Amazed at her own audacity, Ruth replied that Senator Byrd, one of the leading Americans then making every effort to keep the United States out of war, was her brother-in-law. Naturally, she intimated, it would be a severe jolt not only to Senator Byrd, but to American public opinion, if she were harmed. The officers listened solemnly and held a hurried consultation. Then they announced that the evidence would be reconsidered in Berlin. Ruth knew she was saved.

By the merest coincidence, a Serbian acquaintance caught a glimpse of Ruth as she was being returned from the court-martial. It so happened that the American vice-consul was then on the eve of his departure from Belgrade. The Serbian informed the vice-consul of Ruth's plight and this lucky shot enabled outside help to reach her.

Though the Nazis did not execute Ruth, they showed no inclination to free her. She was hurried from prison to prison, obviously to prevent her from making friends and finding out too much. Graz, the next stop, was no wartime makeshift. It was a real prison, gray and cold, with the barred windows high above the floor. Each prisoner had a narrow cot, two thin blankets and a straw pillow. The cell was cleaned by Polish women prisoners, many of them epileptics, who were crowded into separate, dirty cells. There was almost nothing to do, and only after constant pleading was she allowed to retain the knitting wool and needles which a friend had rescued from her Belgrade house. Like Penelope, Ruth knit and ripped out her sweater seven times.

From Graz she was shipped to Salzburg, filthiest of all jails in her varied experience. Then came Vienna, Munich, and finally the great Nazi internment camp at Liebenau, near the Swiss frontier. Originally an enormous institution for the insane, run by nuns, five hundred of its inmates had been killed by the Nazis to make room for a thousand English and American war internees. Some of the milder cases, including a number of luna-

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tic children, still roamed the grounds.

Through the Swiss Legation, Ruth first heard rumors of release. She almost regretted leaving, for she wanted to stay and see with her own eyes the internal collapse of Germany which she feels is fast approaching. But her family and friends had at last worked the miracle. With seven Americans she left for Berlin. There they were kept on the station platform waiting for the *Drottningholm* passengers to assemble. As a last torture, the news was whispered that Liebenau prisoners were not to sail after all. That night all eight from Liebenau were escorted to a prison in Spandau, a Berlin suburb. Here Ruth found additional proof to support her expectation of German collapse. Outside the prison, new recruits were training — a sickly lot of boys, underfed and pimply. They had portable barricades, they crouched with guns, dodging from shelter to shelter. From their officers' commands, Ruth was able to surmise that all this was preparation for handling civilian mobs.

The next morning, with only a guard between them, Ruth and her companions were put on the Lisbon train. She had been more than a year in prison, hounded by the most fiendish gaolers in history. Luck, Mitchell courage and quick wit had seen her through.

"James, er . . . one question: How would you *live on $25,000 a year?"*

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▶ *Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Libya — a kaleidoscope of races and customs.*

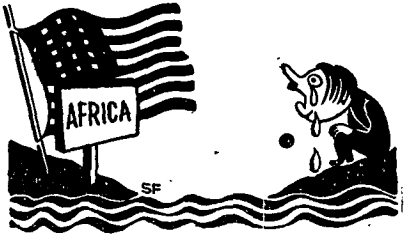
THE PEOPLES OF NORTH AFRICA

By Edward J. Bing

The American military and diplomatic *coup* in North Africa brings hundreds of thousands of American boys in contact with millions of the most colorful people on earth. It suddenly brings within the sphere of America's daily interest a region of scrambled ethnic groups, strange ways of life, and overlapping civilizations. Seldom, indeed, has history brought together two worlds more sharply contrasted than the one represented by the American soldiers and sailors and that of the fanatically orthodox Mohammedans inhabiting this area.

Nothing could be more misleading than to refer to North Africa as part of the "Arab" world. In Morocco, westernmost of the five countries of North Africa, there is hardly a handful of pure Arabs. The people of Casablanca and other cities and of the plains have adopted the Arabic language along with the Moslem faith. But ethnically they are Berbers, who call themselves *Imaziren*. More than half of the country's five million people speak various Berber dialects and no Arabic at all. Furthermore, the Berbers themselves are not a homogeneous people. They include different ethnic and lingual groups. Many of them are white, even blond. These are probably descendants of the Germanic Vandals who overran Spain and North Africa in the fourth and fifth centuries, sacked Rome in 455 A.D., and whose ruthless destruction of the treasures of art and literature gave a new word to our language. The other important element in the Berbers is Hamitic and indigenous to North Africa. Most of them have retained their age-old tribal forms and habits.

The Berbers are fierce fighters and gun-running has never stopped in these regions. Ever since the French took possession of Morocco



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and made it a Protectorate in 1912, they have had to assert their authority by force of arms. Between 1918 and 1923, they fought the Berber tribes inside Morocco on four fronts. The last independent Berber tribes were subdued as recently as 1934. Even today, peace is a fragile thing in the remote regions of the Atlas mountains. The country is dotted with modern French fortifications and with many ancient, native forts called *kasbahs*. Many of these actually show elements of Babylonian architecture, which the Mohammedan conquerors of Morocco transplanted there by way of southern Arabia.

These remnants of a very ancient past extend to the social aspects of Moroccan life. While the French women of the large French populations of Rabat and Casablanca vie with their Parisian sisters in sporting the latest creations of fashion, the native women of the country still wear the large, opaque veil and wide, shapeless robe of medieval Moslem tradition. Though the late Marshal Lyautey did much to modernize the country, the French authorities still have to shut their eyes to practices they cannot approve in order to humor some dangerously powerful native chief. In some of the remote parts of Morocco slavery still flourishes.

Typical of the powerful Moroccan native chiefs is Mohammed El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakech, hereditary feudal lord of the fierce warrior tribes of the Atlas mountains. He is a constant headache to the French. A word from him can mean a bloody uprising in the remotest regions of the mountains. The ribbon of the Legion of Honor, big financial subsidies, and other means of "pacification" have been used by the French to keep El Glaoui in an amiable mood.

Some idea of the power over life and death wielded by such a man may be gathered from the tragic story told me by a French friend who was the guest of El Glaoui at the city palace in Marrakech, where he lives with great pomp. As is customary during a visit to a Mohammedan of the old school, the guest was served Turkish coffee. The young colored slave who carried the tray slipped and spilled coffee over my friend. In the eyes of the Pasha, this was a terrible insult to the guest, whose person is sacred to the host. His face flushed with suppressed rage, he apologized, then clapped his hands to call a servant. He whispered something to the head servant who had rushed into the room. The next day my friend heard to his horror that the young slave had been beheaded!

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II

Algeria, east of Morocco and largest of the North African countries, is far more advanced in western civilization. Though the native population is strictly orthodox Moslem, more than a hundred years of French rule have made their mark on every aspect of the country's life. The one million Europeans and the five million natives live in peace in such flourishing cities as Algiers, Oran and Constantine, but they live separately.

In Algiers, which is typical of the major cities, two worlds lie side by side within the city limits. There is the modern European quarter with its beautiful Boulevard de la République, which skirts the sea front and vies with the avenues of Paris for elegance, and there is also the famed *Kasbah*, the native quarter, a maze of narrow, dark, crooked, dirty streets and blind alleys. The *Kasbah*, perched atop a five hundred foot hill overlooking the port, is also the haunt of the native and French underworld of Algiers.

The denizens of the labyrinthine *Kasbah* seem to be hiding from the *present*. But in Sidi-Bel-Abbès, south of Oran, are those who seek to hide from the *past* — their own private past. It is headquarters of the notorious Foreign Legion, with its four regiments of men who are asked no questions when they enlist and who have helped Republican France to score great military victories. The permanent presence of strong units of the Foreign Legion in Algeria is a military necessity because, in contrast with the northern part of the country, the far south has never been completely pacified. The Saharan region is dotted with picturesque little forts, inside which a handful of French soldiers is constantly on the lookout for hostile natives.

The Tuareg tribesmen are famous as fierce fighters and also for some unique customs. Ethnically, they are a branch of the Berbers. They inhabit a territory bound by the Hoggar mountains of southern Algeria on the north, by Nigeria to the south, Timbuctoo in the west, and the so-called Fezzan in the east. Both men and women are tall and strong with fine, intelligent features, a very light complexion, and dark, wavy hair. The women are sometimes very beautiful. Their status of complete equality with the men is a startling reversal of Moslem practice. It is the men who wear veils, not the women. They don't call themselves "Tuareg", which is Arabic, but *Kel Tagilmus* — "the people of the veil," to denote the age-old habit of the Tuareg

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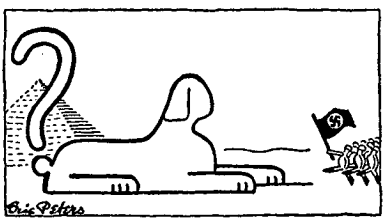
warrior to conceal his features behind a black cloth. This *litham* helps to protect the camel-riding fighters from the whirling sand of the desert, which may account for its remote origin. But the Tuareg share with the Bedouins of central Arabia the superstition that human beings are constantly surrounded by swarms of evil spirits seeking to get in through the mouth and nostrils to gain possession of their souls. It is to ward off this danger that they wear the veils.

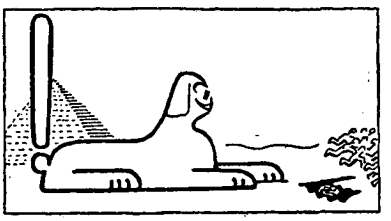
The Tuareg are one of the few extant examples of the prehistoric institution of the Matriarchate. They trace family descent in the female line; the women own and administer most of the property; only the women are literate. Their women, indeed, are renowned for artistic taste and innate poetic gifts. They hold frequent poetic contests at which they improvise poetry of real merit, while the men listen in awed, respectful silence.

Another ethnic group in Algeria whose customs are completely at variance with orthodox Moslem tradition is the Ouled Naïl tribe. It is standard practice for their beautiful girls to go to the cities and take up careers as specialty dancers, with prostitution thrown in. The Ouled Naïl "entertainer" accepts only gold and silver coins. She wears them made up in rows around her head. After a few years she retires to her tribe and hands over the rows of coins as a dowry to an affectionate bridegroom. This dowry is, of course, the exact opposite of the usual Moslem practice of the "purchase price" paid for a wife to one's future father-in-law. Among the wealthy Moslems of Morocco and Algeria the custom has become purely symbolic, for the bride's father gives her wedding presents equal in value to her "purchase price."

III

East of Algeria lies Tunisia, strategically the most important of the three countries that make up French North Africa. Its northern shore dominates the Mediterranean, which





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narrows here to a corridor less than one hundred miles wide. Here is Bizerte, the great French naval base. The nearby city of Tunis is only ten miles from the ruins of Carthage, once mistress of the inland sea. Twice in history, Sicily has been invaded and conquered from this part of the African coast: by the Carthaginians and by the Saracens. Before this war is over, it is likely to happen for a third time.

Like Algeria, Tunisia was once part of the notorious Barbary states, which were the terror of the Mediterranean. For centuries their pirate rulers preyed upon commerce, filling their treasuries with loot, and their harems and slave marts with women seized from Christian merchantmen. It was through the historic "visit" by an American, Stephen Decatur, in 1815 that their power was finally broken. The population of Tunisia is a mixture of Berber and Arab, but the Berber language has been entirely replaced by the Arabic of the conquerors who overran all North Africa in the seventh century. The tomb of their leader, Sidi Okba, is one of Tunisia's most sacred monuments and, after Mecca and Medina, the Moslem world's holiest shrine.

The French Protectorate over Tunisia dates from 1882, which is fifty-two years later than France's occupation of Algeria. This may be in part responsible for the more primitive conditions that prevail in the less frequented parts of Tunisia. At Matmata, not far from the Libyan border, for instance, about a hundred thousand people lead the lives of full-fledged cave dwellers. They live entirely underground, in caves dug out of the soft, firm soil. The living-rooms always surround a larger room which much resembles a bear-pit in shape. The excavations which form these living-rooms have barrel-vaulted roofs, shelves for storage jars and raised bed-places of clay. Oddly enough, bathrooms are a regular feature in this subterranean world.

Governed in name only by the Bey of Tunis and in fact by the French Resident-General, the Tunisians are generally peaceful. The latent source of friction inside the country is the implacable enmity of the Italian colonists of Tunis towards the French element. Each group numbers about ninety thousand. After Italy had become a unified kingdom in 1870, the Italian government intended to seize Tunisia, but was "beaten to it" by the French. Mussolini's saber-rattling about Tunisia is merely the Fascist echo of an ancient Italian war-cry, fated to remain unavailing.

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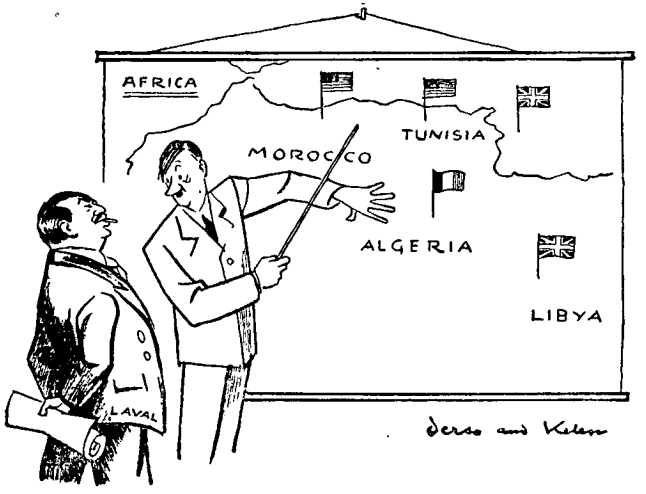
But this hatred of the French by the Italians of Tunisia is nothing as compared to the implacable hatred with which the Italians themselves are regarded by the natives of neighboring Libya, ever since Italy conquered that country in 1911. The population of Libya, which has much pure Arab blood in its veins, belongs in great part to the puritan and fanatic Moslem confraternity of the Senussi. The Senussi are not an ethnic group but a religious sect. They claim about six million adherents throughout North Africa and in certain parts of Arabia, but their traditional stronghold is the oasis of Kufra, in the southeastern part of Libya, fourteen days and nights on camelback from the coastal city of Benghazi. The Senussi are born warriors. They repeatedly rose in bloody revolt against their Italian oppressors, until Marshal Rodolfo Graziani took their capital, Kufra, some twelve years ago and "pacified" them, mainly with the help of the gallows.

Kufra at this writing is in the hands of the Fighting French. Before Marshal Graziani led his expedition there, few Occidentals penetrated to that almost inaccessible Senussi stronghold. The Grand Sheikh Ahmed, supreme



"And all the portions occupied by the United Nations I give to you, my dear Laval."

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spiritual and temporal leader of the Senussi confraternity, one of the most important and influential Moslem leaders of the old school living anywhere between Morocco and India, leads a strictly secluded life. When I was his guest in 1923, he told me himself that he had met only two Occidentals previously, both Americans. The first was a Colonel of the United States Army who had been sent to the East by President Woodrow Wilson in 1919 to meet and confer with him. The second was the late Charles R. Crane of Chicago, one-time American Ambassador to China and student of Oriental affairs, who toured the Moslem East around 1920.

Nothing could be more illustrative of the Senussi outlook than a remark Grand Sheikh Ahmed made to me during one of our conversations. "There is one thing I never allow my servants to do for me," he said, "and that is to clean my rifle. When I was a boy, my grandfather often told me that one of the Senussi warrior's foremost duties, which he should always perform himself, was to keep his gun clean. I have adhered to this rule ever since." Ahmed added, with emphasis, "Besides, I may soon use my rifle against the Italians!" Both during the present war and later, the Senussi will be natural allies of the United Nations in the endeavor to keep the Axis permanently out of Africa.

Hour of Fate

A NATION is not worthy to be saved if, in the hour of its fate, it will not gather up all its jewels of manhood and life, and go down into the conflict, however bloody and doubtful, resolved on measureless ruin or complete success.

—JAMES A. GARFIELD: Speech in the House of Representatives, June 25, 1864

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

An Open Letter to Vice-President Wallace

By Eugene Lyons

DEAR MR. WALLACE: On November 8 you made a speech in New York under the auspices of a self-styled Congress of American Soviet Friendship. By reason of your high official position, indeed, you were the chief speaker and gave the proceedings a clear official sanction.

It can be no secret to you that it was embarrassing for many Americans that their Vice-President should grace that gathering with his enthusiastic presence. Among the most active sponsors and participants of that "congress," it happens, were dozens of men and women who had been violently isolationist until June 1941; who had picketed the White House and denounced our President as a "warmonger"; who had opposed American rearmament and fomented strikes in war industries; who had organized and led a so-called "American Peace Mobilization" pledged to prevent American aid to the democracies in what they declared was an "imperialist" war.

Surely it cannot be your policy to let bygones be bygones in the interests of national unity, since you have not extended any such public amnesty to the Wheelers, Lindberghs and Hamilton Fishes. The tolerance demonstrated by your participation in the "congress" seems limited to isolationists who changed their minds when Russia was attacked, while those who changed their minds when America was attacked, six months later, remain unforgiven. We hold no brief for the Wheeler-Lindbergh isolationism, which has been vigorously attacked in these pages. Yet, to the average American, it seems more natural for Americans to change their views when America is attacked than to do so when Russia is attacked. Moreover, even the bitterest of the non-interventionists favored the speedy arming of America, whereas your associates in the November 8 "congress" worked against every move in that

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direction. Please recall that one Marcantonio, a high official of the American Peace Mobilization — so many of whose fellow-officials were your colleagues at the New York meeting — was *the only one* who voted against military appropriations in Congress.

And so, as I said, your mere presence at the gathering was hard for Americans to take. But let that pass. We humble mortals must assume that there were weighty reasons of state why you and Senator Claude Pepper (identified in world public opinion as an Administration spokesman) and a former American Ambassador to Moscow should associate publicly with Corliss Lamont, Joseph Curran, Reid Robinson, Max Yergan, Robert K. Speer and men of their political persuasion. Of course, it did not occur to Soviet officials and democratic fellow-travelers in Russia to stage an equivalent "congress" in Moscow on July Fourth, on the theory that friendship is a two-way proposition, but presumably that oversight will be remedied next July Fourth.

More serious than your mere participation — not simply embarrassing but alarming — were the things you said under those auspices and it is that which prompts this open letter.

II

But first, to avoid silly misunderstandings on a serious matter, the writer wants to make it perfectly clear that he shares your admiration for the Russian people, as well as your sense of gratitude for the sacrifices and sufferings of the Russian people. His admiration is not a vague sentimentality, but the product of six full years of residence among the Russians, from 1928 to 1934. In fact, his abhorrence of the excesses of the Soviet dictatorship grew in direct proportion to his admiration and affection for the victims, the Russian people.

He parts company with you, however, when you consider it necessary to express admiration for Russian resistance against the German invasion by glorifying the Soviet régime. One can readily understand the need for a public official *to keep silent* about the more unpleasant aspects of Soviet history and methods. What one finds it hard to understand is the urge to deny or misrepresent those aspects, and the attempt to garnish some of them to look like "progress" and "achievement" — yes, even like some special kind of "democracy" — in American eyes.

I make bold to ask why we cannot acclaim the courage and sacri-

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ficial spirit of the Russian people without shouting hallelujah for their régime or giving its American agents the right of way in tearing down our own system of life? Can we not be as realistic, let us say, as Premier Stalin, who recognizes British and American contributions to the fight on Hitler without looking for far-fetched alibis for capitalist "excesses" and without giving aid and comfort to Russian partisans of the capitalist-democratic way of life?

In the first World War, France and England acknowledged the gigantic help rendered by the Russians and their government in establishing a second front against Germany and in maintaining it for more than three years with their traditional capacity for sacrifice and resistance. But I cannot recall that any British or French statesman felt it incumbent upon himself to glorify the Romanoff dynasty or make excuses for Tsarist internal policies. Before that, in the American Revolution, we accepted the help of Louis XVI without trying to justify or copy monarchical absolutism. During the Civil War, we acknowledged the help of Russia without pretending that its monarchy smelled sweet in our nostrils.

One of the mysteries of our immediate situation is why it is considered quite respectable to criticize Roosevelt or Churchill or de Gaulle — but not Stalin; why it is perfectly all right to call for social revolution in Britain and the United States — but not in Russia; why Willkie and Stalin and the American press may clamor to their hearts' content for the opening of new fronts by the democracies while it is *verboten* to discuss the question of a second front against Japan via Siberia.

Every self-respecting Russian must resent this childish pampering, this assumption that his countrymen are too thin-skinned, their loyalties to the cause of the United Nations too brittle, to weather our honest strictures. In short, if your strange laudation of the Soviet political and social systems is intended as policy to keep Russia in line, it is mistaken. The Russians are not half-wits to be taken in by flattery; they want our tanks not our thanks.

On the other hand, if you actually mean your laudation literally — if you really favor the kind of "economic democracy" and "educational democracy" on exhibit in Russia, and seriously seek a "middle ground" between what you call our "Bill of Rights democracy" and the Soviet brand — then the Amer-

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ican people ought to know it. More than that, they ought to know whether you speak only for yourself or for the American government. Such views and hopes by the man Constitutionally in line for the Presidency are an exceedingly serious matter.

III

On the day before you made your speech, Joseph Stalin made one in Moscow and it is revealing to compare the two. Stalin was factual, hard-headed, unromantic. Such delusions and flights of fancy as he indulged in were deliberate policy, intended to fool others rather than himself. But your speech, by contrast, was notable for generalization and for a kind of desperate striving to square the international circle. Your delusions were self-delusions, since there is no question of your noble intentions and genuine interest in the welfare of the common man.

Stalin faced calmly the tough fact of sharp differences between the Soviet and democratic ways of life. "It would be ridiculous," said he, "to deny the differences in ideologies and social systems of the countries composing the Anglo-American-Soviet coalition." (Please note, in passing, that he did not include China, since Russia remains neutral in the Far Eastern conflict.) Then he argued soberly that these differences did not preclude "joint action on the part of the coalition against the common enemy."

You, Mr. Vice-President, were not content with any such common-sense approach. Instead, you sought to minimize the differences between the American and Soviet systems, to blow up alleged similarities, and to kick certain notorious but unpleasant Soviet facts out of view. In your eagerness to put the best possible face on the Soviet régime, indeed, you went so far as to speak disparagingly of our American brand of democracy. Now whatever may be wrong with America, and no one denies that it's plenty, comparison with Russia is scarcely the best way to prove that fact. . . .

One needs to pause and savor the amazing fact: the second highest executive officer of the greatest democracy on earth speaks slightingly of political democracy! And does it, moreover, in a speech about a dictatorship!

"Some in the United States," you said, "believe that we have overemphasized what might be called political or Bill of Rights democracy. Carried to its extreme

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form, it leads to rugged individualism, exploitation, impractical emphasis on state's rights and even to anarchy."

In the context of your speech, there was no room for doubt that you counted yourself among the "some" who believe we are overdoing Bill of Rights democracy. Then you pointed, of all things, to the Soviet system, implying that in it we would find a suggestion for the corrective. "Russia," you said, "perceiving some of the abuses of excessive political democracy, has placed strong emphasis on economic democracy." You admitted that the Russian attitude, "if carried to an extreme," leads to one-man tyranny, but immediately added:

"Somewhere there is a practical balance between economic and political democracy. Russia and the United States have been working toward this practical middle ground."

All of which is strange sleight-of-mind, coming from a highly-placed democratic leader. It slurs over the essence of the matter, namely, that Russia is an absolute dictatorship whereas the United States is a functioning democracy. No amount of juggling of words and facts can bridge the gap between a dictatorial police-state, with its blood purges and concentration camps and millions of political outcasts, and a democracy like ours. That the Vice-President should attempt such a feat of political engineering is a startling fact that we dare not overlook.

IV

It is hard to believe that you really think Russia enjoys "economic democracy." If you do, you are cruelly misinformed. Whether or not you are right in thinking that America is moving *away* from "excessive political democracy," no one in the least cognizant of the Soviet facts will agree with you that Russia is moving *towards* such democracy. You simply have your basic facts wrong.

But even if the facts were right, your whole formulation of the problem is, to say the least, disturbing. In effect, you have placed political and economic democracy at opposite poles — you have set them up arbitrarily as *opposites* — and imply that they can never be made to coincide. The most you seem to hope for is a "practical balance" and a "practical middle ground" between the two. It is obviously your conviction that we must strive for a *compromise* between political and economic jus-

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tice, rather than an integration of the two.

I wonder whether you are conscious that in such a formulation you accept the classic totalitarian notion that economic security and political justice are irreconcilable — that the first can be purchased only at a heavy price in the second? Not once but a thousand times the writer has been told by Nazis and by Bolsheviks, in substance, "Sure we have no freedom, but look at our children's homes and swimming pools. Sure we have concentration camps and terror, but we've abolished unemployment." In other words, a chunk of Bill of Rights for every benefit that allegedly accrues to the common man, a concentration camp for every quart of milk, a censorship for every improvement in literacy statistics.

Now you and they may be right; history will give us the answer. But that makes it no less alarming to get this kind of social arithmetic from an official sworn to uphold the Bill of Rights in a government predicated on the assumption that political democracy is not inconsistent with economic justice. It's the kind of arithmetic one expects from Berchtesgaden and the Kremlin, not Capitol Hill and the White House.

Once the reactionary anti-democratic idea that political and economic democracy are opposites is accepted, it becomes possible to speak glowingly, as you did, of "educational democracy" in a country where the newly literate common man is forbidden to read or write or think anything not okayed by his dictators; where "education" and arbitrary indoctrination are one and the same. It then becomes possible to grow ecstatic over the "economic democracy" of a system in which workers are tied to state-owned benches and peasants to state-owned land like serfs of old; in which a branch of the secret police is on the premises in every factory; in which trade unions in our sense of the word are outlawed and strikes are punishable by death; in which millions are herded into forced-labor camps under police control.

If you are correct in your assertion that we are moving towards the Soviet kind of economic democracy, then it's calamitous news. If we are moving away from "excessive" Bill of Rights democracy, it is your sworn duty under the Constitution to do something about that trend. But it may be that you are mistaken in both respects. It may be that our vision of political and economic democracy as one

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and inseparable is closer to the truth than your curious conception of a "middle ground" between the two.

American boys are not fighting on scattered fronts and the American people are not making huge sacrifices at home for any "practical balance" between our democracy and dictatorship of any brand.

Goering: "No German will go hungry this winter."

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▶ *The Paris influence was a blight on American musical expression.*

MUSIC BETWEEN TWO WARS

By Winthrop Sargeant

When the historians of American music get around to the period between 1918 and 1941, they will probably describe it as America's Parisian era. It is true that a number of older academicians went on holding the fort for Brahms and Wagner, and that a few isolated Americans were influenced by the involved, quasi-musical mathematics of the Austrian Arnold Schönberg. But most of the serious music by young Americans that attracted attention in our concert halls was influenced in one way or another by the peculiar revolutionary movement that erupted with Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* in 1913. And the headquarters of that revolution, whose ramifications spread to virtually all the world's musical capitals, was on the Parisian boulevards.

A generation earlier, Munich, Leipzig or Vienna would have set the style. But the first World War had left German and Austrian music a shambles from which it has never since recovered. It had also left among intellectuals a deep and justified distrust of many things German, among them the highly nationalistic, Teutonically metaphysical music of the Wagnerian period. Paris seemed to offer the perfect antidote. Her musical traditions, though predominantly operatic, were of the finest. Her traditional way of life, unlike Germany's, was cosmopolitan, tolerant, sophisticated. The composers of her immediate past, from Gounod to Debussy, had been magnificent craftsmen, noted for their clarity and lack of emotional bombast. The war, and its attendant revolutions, had made Paris a refuge of bright-minded exiles from all over the world. Prohibition and an invitingly cheap franc came close, for a time, to making her the cultural and artistic capital of America.

Those who remember the bustle and excitement of Paris during this period recall certain rather backward features of Parisian musical life which were then dismissed as unimportant. Performances by the numerous Parisian symphony orchestras were generally haphazard

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and second rate. The once proud, but already neglected and impoverished Paris Opera, was presenting some of the most slipshod productions to be found in any of the world's important musical centers. French musical criticism, following the worst tendencies of French journalism in general, had reached a degree of venality that oscillated between paid press agentry and outright blackmail. But from the composer's point of view, Paris was the center of the world. Nowhere else was such a quantity of music being written and argued over. A hundred formulas for new, different and better kinds of music were being discussed nightly over the marble-topped tables of Left Bank cafés.

The "new music" that was causing all this discussion was notable primarily for its variety. At one end of the musical spectrum, the late Maurice Ravel and the Spaniard Manuel de Falla were dishing up folk tunes and archaic idioms in an attractive sauce derived from the great impressionist Debussy. At the other, the Italian futurist Luigi Russolo, who believed uncompromisingly that the future of music lay in discovering the latent mysteries of noise, was presenting concerts with an orchestra of sirens and tom-toms. Between these two extremes, shading almost imperceptibly into one or the other, worked a busy group of revolutionists dedicated to the propagation of what has since become widely known as "modern music": brilliant technicians like Stravinsky and Prokofieff, effusive musical aborigines like Heitor Villa-Lobos, witty dilettantes like the late Eric Satie, musical dadaists like Darius Milhaud, Arthur (*Pacific 231*) Honegger, devotees of the theory of quarter tones, Schönberg-model atonalists.

Aside from a much-advertised aversion to Wagner and anything that reflected the Romantic ideals of nineteenth century music, it was difficult to find, in this scattered array of musical activity, any evidence of a common goal or purpose. The nearest thing to such a goal, seemed to be embodied in a philosophy of musical materialism which revealed itself in practically all the critical and polemical writing of the "modernist" movement.

This philosophy was borrowed from contemporary scientific thinking. It pictured music, not as the communicative emotional language it had been for nineteenth-century esthetes, but as a pseudo-science whose technique was comparable to laboratory experiment, and

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whose purpose was the discovery of novel and unfamiliar sounds. The raw material with which the composer worked was, of course, sound. Considered purely as a vibratory phenomenon, musical sound differed in no demonstrable way from non-musical sound, or noise. To the musical materialist, the distinction between the two seemed purely arbitrary, musical sound representing merely that type of noise that people had conventionally accepted as fit for musical purposes. There were obviously many kinds of noise not as yet utilized by musicians. So the musical materialist created a picture in which noise (or, as the modernist jargon incorrectly termed it, "dissonance") took the place that nature occupies in the realm of science: that of a great, uncharted penumbra of boundless potentialities which it was the function of the composer to discover and utilize. The merit of a new composition was to be measured in terms of its "originality," i.e., the extent to which it ventured into the hitherto uncharted wastes of noise phenomena. Its function was to convey, not emotion, but novel aural sensations. The idea, at the time, seemed pregnant with enormous possibilities, for the realm of noise, or "dissonance," was practically unlimited. The object of the "experimental" composer was as simple as it was attractive: experiment would lead to discovery, discovery to progress. Music's future evolution to higher and better things was assured.

II

Very little was said, during this period of experiment and "progress," about the emotional and spiritual sides of music. Spirituality had become an unfashionable word in many fields besides music. Emotion was considered to be the cardinal gaucherie of the nineteenth-century composers, against whom, of course, all progressive composers were in revolt. Emotion was also highly unscientific. To the debunking, scientific ear, music was simply a pattern of organized sound which conveyed certain sensations to the listener. Anybody who pretended that it could express things like love, nostalgia, patriotism or religious awe was — according to the prevailing ideology — obviously reading something into it that wasn't there. Bach might have written fugues for the glory of God, or Chopin waltzes for the love of women, but their fugues and waltzes, when you removed the imaginary Romantic aura that his-

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tory and convention attached to them, were really nothing but intricate collections of varied sounds, arranged in a manner to give pleasant sensations to the ear.

So much for the theory. The music itself tended toward extreme eclecticism. In his search for novel sound phenomena, the Parisian composer ransacked the resources of geography and history as well as those of the abstract mathematics of tone relations. He hunted down exotic sounds in the music of oriental and primitive peoples. He tricked out folk melodies in Parisian dress. He revived queer archaisms from the music of the seventeenth century and other past historical periods. He imitated the quaint crudities of hurdy-gurdies and street bands, and the blaring of the Paris music halls. He satirized the music of the Romantic period by imitating it in distorted forms. Some of his music was amusing; some of it astonished audiences by its sheer eccentricity. But there was about all of it a curious lack of emotional substance, and an almost complete absence of that power of personal communication which has always been identified with true creative originality.

This last point requires some clarification, for no movement in musical history ever made such a pother over "originality" as the *école de Paris*. The school was indeed "original" in one respect: the technical sauces in which it served up its music were bright, unhackneyed, ingenious and daring. But when one searched deeper into this music, one almost invariably found that the solid meat beneath the sauce was borrowed from somewhere else. Even the music of the late Maurice Ravel, who towers high above most of the others of the Parisian school, is a case in point. A great master of manner, and a subtle orchestral virtuoso, Ravel nevertheless scarcely created an idiomatically original theme in his life. In *La Valse*, he speaks with the voice of Johann Strauss, in the *Bolero* and the *Rhapsodie Espagnole* with that of the Spanish folk singer, in the *Tombeau de Couperin* with the quaint, exotic mannerisms of eighteenth-century French salon music, and so on through practically the whole exotic panoply of his output.

Except for the accident of location, there was very little that was French about the Paris school. Ravel (who, I am sure, would not have relished being considered a typical member of it) was a Frenchman. So was the genial and very much over-rated amateur Eric Satie. So, with exception of Arthur

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Honegger, was the very articulate, but not very productive group known as "The Six," who had dedicated themselves during the first World War to the ever-popular French cause of saving French music from the curse of Wagnerism. But of "The Six," only two — Arthur Honegger and Darius Milhaud — survived the 1920's as composers of any ponderable stature. (One-time anti-Wagnerite Honegger, by the way, has recently been appearing before enthusiastic audiences in the Third Reich.) The most influential figures in the movement were foreigners who had taken up a more or less intermittent residence in Paris: Russians like Stravinsky and Nicholas Nabokoff, Poles like Alexander Tansman, Hungarians like Tibor Harsanyi, Spaniards like de Falla, Italians like Russolo and Alfredo Casella, the Brazilian Villa-Lobos, the American George Antheil.

But though the school itself was a polyglot gathering, and its music a medley of exotic styles, it was typically Parisian in its tolerance, its lively sensuality, its good-humored cynicism, its fiery opposition to complacent bourgeois taste, and to anything that smelled, ever so faintly, of nineteenth-century Romanticism. Typically Parisian also was the bohemian bonhommie with which musicians, painters, poets and political revolutionaries lived a life apart from the rest of society, painting, composing, versifying and agitating almost exclusively for the benefit of their fellow intellectuals. The audience for which the "modern" composer of Paris wrote did not even include the French musical public, which still loved its Gounod, Franck and Bizet, and (obstinately enough) its Wagner and Strauss. It was an audience of Parisian intellectuals like himself. Nor were the leading agitators of "modern" Parisian musical fashion predominantly musicians. The styles of the *école de Paris* were set as much by the painter Pablo Picasso, the ballet impresario Serge Diaghileff and the lace-cuffed litterateur Jean Cocteau, as by such musical leaders as Satie and Stravinsky.

In America, the new musical fashion of Paris was followed with breathless interest. Societies patronized by the smartest intellectuals gave concerts and published magazines devoted to the "new music." The generation that was nodding sagely over the writings of Gertrude Stein attended these concerts and read these magazines in the firm conviction that they were witnessing an important milestone in musical history. Com-

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posers who had never made the pilgrimage to Paris began writing their symphonies and concertos with a Parisian accent. By the 1930's, the whole tenor of thought in sophisticated American musical circles had come under the dominance of Parisian fashion. Any composer who showed a renegade tendency to follow in the footsteps of forthright and original melodists like Strauss, Elgar, Sibelius or Puccini, was at once dismissed as impossibly old hat.

Pariso-American music had some of the virtues, and nearly all the defects, of its pure Parisian prototype. Lacking the true symphonic tradition (which had always been somewhat foreign to French musical thought), its contribution to the standard American symphonic diet was limited mainly to piquant *hors d'oeuvres* and exotic desserts. Its more ponderable offerings (compositions like Roy Harris' *Third Symphony*, Aaron Copland's *Piano Concerto* and *El Salon Mexico*) often had moments of genuine freshness and wit. But its most influential victories were won in the field of theatrical music, in smart, up-to-date accompaniments to ballets, modern dance productions, Broadway dramas and Hollywood movies.

Eclectic and adaptable, the Parisian style, in American hands, became a ready vehicle for a type of music that, superficially, sounded very American. Actually, it was no more American than Ravel's *Impératrice des Pagodes* is Javanese. The Pariso-American nationalist composer simply stuck a jazz feather in his Stravinskian hat and called it macaroni. The Americanism of Harris' *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, for example, is limited to the crusty old tune that inspired it. The Harris part is French dressing.

III

The school of Paris failed to add to the sum total of great, affirmative musical masterworks because, behind its materialism and cynical wit, lay a deep-rooted attitude of negation. It abhorred the frank emotionalism of composers like Brahms, Wagner and Strauss, finding them sentimental, bourgeois and fat. So it set about making a cult of dry intellectuality, sensationalism and anemia. It despised the simple melodiousness and clear workmanship of old-fashioned lyric composers like Gounod, Bizet, Massenet and Puccini. And so it made eccentricity and obscurity into standards of excellence. Fearing anything that had an obvious appeal to average, cultivated taste,

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it praised and propagandized only that music which could be counted on to shock or bewilder the average listener. Because the average listener dearly loved the great symphonic and operatic repertoire that had flowered during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the critics of the Parisian school suddenly decreed that this music was false, and that the really interesting things in music were to be found rather in the desiccated remains of Elizabethan madrigals, in the beating of African tom-toms, or in the more or less accidental improvisations of the folk musician.

This is not to say that every composer who fell under the sway of the *école de Paris* subscribed consciously and in toto to this perverse and preposterous point of view. But enough of it seeped into the fashions and habits of composers of the generation to have a very important effect on that generation's output. Naturally, the point of view was, in the long run, foredoomed to failure. For the composer who had denied every technical method, every emotional purpose, every standard and every virtue followed and believed in by generations that had preceded him, had very little left over to affirm. He was very close to denying music itself.

Modern wars seem to have a way of becoming cultural milestones. The one now being fought has probably closed a period. In the musical field, history will probably rank that period (1918 to 1941) as one of the most unproductive ever recorded: a period in which the great European musical language ceased to evolve, in which the monumental style in symphonic and operatic music was virtually lost. The period rang loud with denunciations of the one that preceded it. Yet when one weighs, even indulgently, the contribution of the period itself and asks, "Did this talkative era evolve perhaps one single figure whose serious musical output has the human appeal, and hence the importance of, say, a Massenet's or a Puccini's?" the evident answer is a simple, unqualified "No."

Already, with the Paris that led this musical era lying prostrate and discredited, and the world suddenly compelled to take stock of itself in the sober light of war, the period is beginning to look like some strange, irresponsible debauch from which the art of music has just been awakened. To people steeled to the sacrifices of war, facing problems like death, disease and hunger, the writings of Gertrude Stein and Jean Cocteau are begin-

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ning to look like the irrelevant prattle of spoiled children. So is most of the music that came out of the Paris of Stein and Cocteau. Looking back, one finds oneself wondering whether, after all, the *école de Paris* ever really took the art of music seriously.

What the world of culture will look like after the present war is over is, of course, anybody's guess. But the indications are that it will be a far more serious world than that of the '20's and '30's. Whether this world will call forth a revived and invigorated musical art, capable of moving human beings deeply, remains to be seen. One thing that would contribute to that revival would be a renewed recognition of the spiritual and human function of music. Another would be the rediscovery, by composers, of the great, abstract language of music — the language of Beethoven, Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Verdi, MacDowell and Sibelius — which they have, under the superficial fads and fashions of "modernism," all but forgotten.

In making a similar diagnosis in these pages some months ago, I was accused on all sides of preaching reaction, of suggesting that composers go back to a style that was, in effect, dead and buried. The question is not, however, one of "going back." The great musical language I am referring to is as alive as ever. It is not only alive in our concert halls where the works of past composers are being played in unprecedented quantity. It is a part of the vernacular of all of today's popular and semi-popular music. It has been forgotten only by a small coterie of "modernist" composers, critics and so-called musicologists, who for thirty years have, I think, been working at a fussy and unproductive tangent to the evolving tradition of music.

Already, among the younger generation of today's composers, there are signs of a change of outlook, a sobering up, and a gradual tendency to discard the "experimental," pseudo-scientific ideas of the now middle-aged "modernists." Curiously, this change seems to have had its first reflections not in such age-old centers of musical culture as Germany, Italy and France, but in Soviet Russia and the United States. The symphonies of Dmitri Shostakovitch are earning a high place in the contemporary repertoire, not because their technique is in any way revolutionary, but because the best of them are dramatic, emotional works, with an affirmative purpose and a deep respect for symphonic tradition behind them. Compared with the

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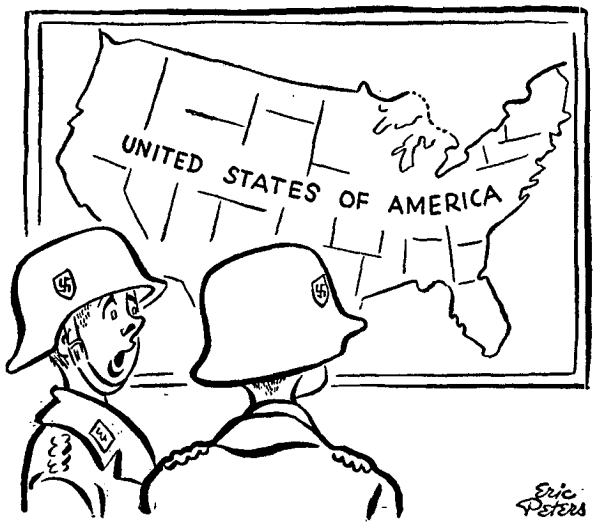
more extreme concoctions of the *école de Paris* they sound almost as old-fashionedly dramatic and sentimental as Sibelius or Tchaikovsky. The still-younger Russian, Tykhon Khrennikov, mainly known in our concert halls by a really beautiful *First Symphony*, writes with even greater conservatism, and apparently sometimes with even greater distinction.

In America, younger composers like Samuel Barber (thirty-two) and Gian-Carlo Menotti (thirty-one) have shown an unmistakable tendency to get back to the sort of poetic, romantic musical utterance that their elders have sneered at for almost a generation. These are merely straws in the wind. But it is possible that they point to the close of a cycle.



"It's not that I'm not confident. . . I just hope we use Rumanians. . . ."

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I ADOPT AN ANCESTOR

A Fable

By Sholem Asch
Author of *The Nazarene*, *Three Cities*, etc.

Not only the heavens declare the glories of God. His deeds are also written on the tablets of the earth, in the movements of the wind through the bare fields, and in the colors which twilight paints on the surface. The heavenly song which moves my heart is the *motif* which sings from the landscape around me. My home is on a little hill. It is wintertime; two days of sun have melted the snow; only patches remain, in the curves and little valleys of our hill country. The last sign of the fading day is the tall, white spire of the little colonial church which reflects the dying sun.

Churches for me are forbidden fruit. I cannot be indifferent to churches, like so many Christian believers. I have to like them or I have to dislike them. In my early childhood, the two crosses on the towers of the Gothic church in my town, I am sorry to say, had always frightened me and awakened all the terror in my blood inherited from ancestors of long martyrdom. But this little New England church pacifies and soothes my inherited fear. Her modest cleanliness of line has aroused in me a deep reverence for the early settlers who built her. On the rough, hand-hewn beams I can still smell the sweat of toiling pioneers whose piety built this House of God.

There are other places which my neighborhood has inherited from the founding fathers. Half-hidden in a little hillside is the old cemetery, long neglected by today's townsmen. Most of the tombstones have been cast down by the wear of age-long storms, but a few still stand bravely against the rage of winter and the carelessness of generations; they stand as strongly erect as their bearers must have done in their lifetime. Some of them have taken refuge under the maples and elms, even becoming embedded in their trunks.

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Greenmeadow is a new commuters' settlement, where the natives have been driven from their ancestral farms by the golden whips of real estate agencies. Old John Peters is almost the only genuine native left and some of us like to consider him the squire and master of the village. Everyone looks to him for advice and information concerning the locality and its lore. The musty grocery store which he runs, too, seems out of a far-off past.

I naturally went to him on a matter concerning the old graveyard. My attention had been caught by a small, weather-worn American flag planted under an ancient stone by some thoughtful hand. The inscription on the stone read: "Elias Ferrison, born 1755, died 1810, aged 55 years." The name and the date must have been retouched recently by an unskilled hand and made clear with dark paint which was already fading. Below this inscription, newly engraved, were the words: "A Minute Man" and "Hero of Valley Forge."

Somehow this forgotten hero, hidden under a weather-beaten stone, awakened all my passion for the heroes of the American Revolution — the passion which, it seems to me, only an immigrant and a stranger enamored of freedom can feel in quite the way that I do. I felt a spiritual connection with the unknown patriotic hand that had tried to recall a forgotten name to indifferent people now enjoying the fruits of this dead hero's striving. And so I came to old Peters, as anyone else in Greenmeadow would have done, to talk to him of the graveyard and especially of the neglected Elias Ferrison. Peters was slow, petulant, but under it pleased.

"American hero or not," he said, "why do strangers sneak around our graveyard anyhow? I can understand people coming back to look after family stones. But strangers! He is a Ferrison and the Ferrisons should look out for him. By the way, maybe you would like to buy the Ferrison barn? Across the street, see it? The bank wants to sell it."

From the rest of his monologue, I gathered that the dilapidated barn I had often inspected from the outside was filled with "junk" — discarded family belongings. Then and there I made up my mind to investigate, and with this intention went to the bank. The details of my discussion there are of no interest. Suffice that I obtained access to the old house and left the bank officials elated, as if I had found a clew to some long-lost but very dear relative. By dint of thinking about it,

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perhaps, I had come to feel close to the bare name and its vague associations.

II

At first, the only rewards for my diligent searching in the dust and débris were a few old boxes containing some unimportant books of a theological nature and long out of date. They had seemingly belonged to a Congregational minister. Among the books were also manuscripts of sermons for all kinds of occasions. I tasted a few of them — orations delivered around the time of the Civil War and strongly anti-slavery in tendency. Then one day I came across the treasure.

There, among the sermons and funeral orations, in the same beautiful penmanship, was a memorandum that dealt with the life and ideas of the minister's forebear, Elias Ferrison. The memorandum had evidently been suggested by documents and letters that had been at his disposal, but which have long since disappeared. It may also have been embellished with anecdotes handed down through the years by word of mouth. Attached to this memorandum was a silhouette of the ancestor-hero made much later in the Romantic style. It showed Elias Ferrison in a typical Revolutionary uniform with a cocked hat.

This was apparently the only record of his appearance; and he was as much of a symbol as a man — the profile might belong to any man of his time. No line of character could help me to visualize his personality; it was as neglected and forgotten as the stone on his grave. And the memorandum concerning this man was much the same; the personality had been ignored, leaving only dryness, laconic and sketchy.

It appeared that my hero was something of an *enfant terrible*. This was the reputation that family tradition had kept alive for him, and was taken for granted by the minister in his uninspired record. This document was brief. It recorded that Elias was born the son of Benjamin and Sarah Ferrison in 1755, the fifth child of God-fearing parents. Elias had a knack for learning which his devout mother tried to direct toward the ministry. The village pastor helped him with his Greek and Latin and prepared him for Yale College. Under Ezra Stiles, he studied Hebrew and the written lessons seem to have been relics in the family for many years, as the author speaks of having seen them. During the summers, Elias came home to help his brothers on their

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father's farm. There was haying, tending the cattle and getting in of crops, for in those days it was the custom for everyone to join in the labor, even the well-to-do Ferrisons.

Everything went well with Elias until the battles of Concord and Bunker Hill. There was even a casual mention that about this time Elias paid court to a certain Ruth Stephens whose father did not approve of Elias. Later, the heart-broken Ruth married one Reuben Peters. Her gravestone bears the evidence that despite a broken heart she brought eight children into the world and lived to be eighty-five. After Concord, Elias, along with some of his classmates, joined Washington's forces. He seems to have been in numerous battles and served throughout the entire campaign. He suffered a frozen leg at Valley Forge which left him a cripple for the rest of his life.

The real trouble with Elias started after the war was over and the colonies had become independent. He brought home peculiar radical ideas which annoyed not only his contemporaries but seemed to worry even his ministerial descendant. The whole life of Elias, the author hinted, could be summed up in the one word "heretic."

Elias Ferrison never returned to Yale to continue religious training. He refused to marry the girl his poor, widowed mother had selected for him and he took little interest in his father's farm. It was as if the war had "turned" him and made him a misfit in society. In expressing his ideas, he continually antagonized everyone. Soon he was quarreling with the local pastor. He had become a stranger to his neighborhood and a burden to his family. He did nothing but speak of coming revolution in Europe.

In a little while, we learn, he left his father's home and crossed the ocean, attaching himself to Tom Paine and other American agitators. He fled for his life from London to Paris, where he became involved in the French Revolution. With great difficulty, the American Minister rescued him from the Girondists. Finally, he landed in a little duchy in Germany where he was soon arrested as the supposed instigator of a revolt against the ruling house.

So he was driven from one place to another by his convictions, all the while adding to his reputation as an American inciter of rebellion. In the end, he returned home, a poor, broken, despairing old man at fifty-two. He had no means except what his brothers chose to give him. Three years later he passed

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away, and was buried in the little family plot of the old burying ground. Except for his deeds in the war, he had been naught but a disgrace to his family and friends.

III

His austere, disapproving relatives of the Civil War days had also gathered some of the curious ideas and heretical beliefs which the old patriot must have written down, probably in letters from abroad. There were also copious notes by Elias for a book, dealing with American ideas and the development of our liberties, that was never started. All these writings were probably well known to the author of the memorandum, either from surviving original notes or through hearsay. In spite of the unsympathetic curiosity and bristling antagonism of the author, I could form a fairly clear picture of the spiritual personality of our hero.

He had a passionate love for human freedom and an awesome respect for human rights. Man was the central idea of his thinking. He saw in man a mystical force which made humanity his religion. He saw the American Revolution not as a war for American independence alone, but as a war for the freedom of all nations.

He expressed the view that American freedom rests on three pillars — the Old Testament authority of one living God, the love and teachings of Jesus, and the humanitarian philosophies of the Greco-Roman age. Without any one of these moral forces, he argued, humanity would be out of balance and would be led to secularism, giving the power to one element of society to rule and persecute the other elements. He feared that men might take God, Jesus and even humanism as their own private possessions, excluding those who did not belong to their denomination or social sphere.

Religion is the most intimate secret between a man and his God, Elias believed. No other human has the right to interfere in this secret. Government has the obligation to intervene as little as possible in a man's life and to buy, at the smallest cost in personal liberty, the greatest amount of happiness and security for all. Human minds and hearts have been concerned with happiness from time immemorial. Humanity has left holy tablets on which God has written His laws and commandments, even when the hand which He directed was that of a heathen.

Such were the strange ideas of Elias Ferrison. He declared that

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America has become the heir of all the best and noblest that human souls and human minds have created. Not from one creed, not from one source, but from all creeds and from all sources she has brought into service moral values of all mankind and made them practical instruments of behavior, through governmental institutions which regulate and shape a world citizen in an American form.

This, too, Elias truly believed: that America has not been created for those alone who by accident found themselves on her territory. She was also founded for all Americans yet abroad. If a Tory lives in an American colony, he is technically an American and morally an alien. If an alien, living in some oppressed country, thinks American and believes in American ideals, he is technically an alien, but morally an American. "You are a free-born American if you believe in American ideas and make them the rule of your life even if your foot has not yet set on American soil. . . ." were his words.

Here the memorandum showed a long blotted space and in the margin the author exclaimed: "Refuse to repeat blasphemy in writing!" But several lines did remain to indicate the dangerous sentiments which the pious clergyman of a later period wished to expunge:

> They forget that besides being the Son of God, Jesus was also the Son of Man. And it is as the Son of Man that He stands before our eyes as the Supreme Example. It is this Son of Man we should imitate in our daily lives. We are human, we cannot imitate Him as the Son of God; it is as the Son of Man that He is neglected by all. The greatness of Jesus is that His conduct is so clear, human and simple, and His teachings are so understandable and appealing to every soul. Sometimes I wonder how the clergy has managed to so confuse it.

Here the quotation was interrupted by a "SIC" in large letters and "Enough blasphemy!" On another page of the memorandum was a note obviously copied from a letter:

> Came home after a long voyage of trying to introduce our liberties to other nations and here I see how we have neglected our own. But I know that the energy and time we took to spread our gospel of freedom to other nations has not been in vain. Some day it will yield fruit, though the prospect today is so dark. Black forces in all nations have joined hands to keep the peoples in slavery. Humanity has entrusted her greatest moral values to America and we must guard them with eagerness. For should freedom disappear from these shores, where else would it be found?

The last note of the clergyman-author's read:

> This is all I could gather from the writings and notebooks of Elias Ferrison, soldier of the Revolution and traveler,

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without doing harm to my own soul by repeating of blasphemies common with him and among some of the men of his time. These ideas of the returned patriot caused a great disturbance among his pious brothers. Elias Ferrison lived with his brother Matthias, the eldest of the family, elder of the church, a God-fearing and respected man. Elias became a great burden to this pious man by frequent expression of his ideas and by behavior which annoyed the whole community as well as the brother who tolerated him with real Christian charity. But God had pity on Elias and called him to His Throne very soon after his arrival home. He died a Christian, asking for the mercy of God for himself and the blessing of God for the country which he so dearly loved. God have mercy on his soul!

IV

Here the memorandum ends. Spring came. Soon the valley was mantled with verdant freshness which had been nourished through the long winter under blankets of snow. I went to visit my hero in the old cemetery. He had been forgotten by men, but not by God, for the graveyard was covered with a blanket of myrtle and wild vines. Every shrub was in bloom and rippled as the wind played on a sea of green. By the grave of Elias Ferrison I stood and meditated.

I could visualize the crippled Elias sitting in the gloom of winter twilight before the fireplace of his brother's house, eating his unearned bread. I pictured him a tall person, pale, thin and bony, with bright, cold blue eyes shining from a wind-smitten face. He warmed his stiff, lame leg, aching with rheumatism.

What was he thinking? What did his dreamy eyes see? Perhaps the camp fires of Valley Forge; perhaps he heard the roar of the Parisian multitude, pregnant with revolution. He was thinking also of me; yes, of me and of generations to come—distressed and persecuted at the hands of tyrants—for whom he had prepared a refuge. Who, indeed, has need of this refuge more than I — I who am a Jew, born in Poland under the régime of the Tsars — in triple bondage? I am enjoying the blessings which this dead hero has bestowed on me. I am enjoying the fruit which his hand has sowed for me. I dwell in a home which his noble spirit toiled in sweat and pain to prepare for me. He knew of my coming in the far future. He saw the bondage which awaited me; he heard the rattle of the chains which were prepared for me.

Long, long ago, Elias Ferrison adopted me as a son. Today I adopt him as an ancestor.

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▶ *The Nazis rose to power on four myths about the peace.*

GERMAN LIES ABOUT VERSAILLES

By George Creel

Four lies bulked large in Adolf Hitler's rise to power — four lies that came to be accepted as gospel truth not only by the Germans but by millions of Americans as well. They were:

1. That the armies of the *Vaterland* had not been defeated but *betrayed*, "stabbed in the back" by Parliamentary Cowards, Stock Exchange Vultures, Jews and Money Changers.

2. That Hindenburg did not surrender unconditionally but ceased hostilities on fixed terms.

3. That Germany was not permitted to plead her case at the Peace Conference, the vengeful Allies imposing intolerable terms without a hearing.

4. That an indemnity figure of forty billion dollars doomed Germany to "shame, slavery, eternal impoverization and centuries of compulsory labor."

It is time that these lies be exploded, if only to head off a second installment of sentimental delusions after the second defeat of German ambitions for world dominion. There was always an answer to those lies, but here in the United States it was drowned out by the shrill clamor of pundits, parlor radicals, "intellectuals" and other *ersatz* Zolas, leaping at the chance to prove that they were sufficiently Big and Broad and Bold to put concern for a beaten enemy above their own country's interests and good name. What more emotionally exhilarating and where a shorter cut to prominence? Only now that these mouths have been shut by new revelations of German character is there any chance of gaining a fair hearing for the facts in the case.

II

Taking up the four lies one by one, there is a record proving irrefutably that Germany *was* defeated in every military sense of the word, only an abject capitulation saving her armies from slaughter and her cities from ravage. The Kaiser and his generals knew that the war was lost at a time when the people

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themselves were still confident of success, and continuing to meet every demand.

Two losing gambles spelled the difference between German victory and German defeat. The first was when Admiral von Tirpitz won his argument with the High Command and attempted to prove that unrestricted U-boat warfare would end the struggle before the United States could swing into decisive action. The second was Ludendorff's gigantic offensive in the spring of 1918. It failed, thrown back at the second battle of Amiens, leaving his armies without reserves and with a shattered morale. As he himself has recorded: "August 8 was the black hour of the German Army in the history of the war. . . . It put the decline of our fighting power beyond all doubt."

Before a crown council held at Spa on August 13 and 14, Ludendorff urged peace negotiations while Germany still held large stretches of Allied territory, but the Kaiser shrank from going to the people with a confession of defeat. On August 26, Marshal Foch began his final drive; on September 3, the Bulgarian front collapsed, opening the way for a smash into southern Germany; on September 14, Austro-Hungary flew the white flag; on September 21, Pershing and his men erased the St. Mihiel salient; on September 22, Allenby battered the Turks into submission, and on September 28, the Hindenburg Line gave way. Realizing the hopelessness of continued resistance, Hindenburg and Ludendorff sent imperative word that an armistice must be asked at once. They stated plainly that the German front had crumbled, and that Franco-American forces could and would break through to Berlin.

These dates furnish full answer to Hitler's "stab in the back" fantasy, for it was not until October 28, 1918, that revolution broke out in Germany — three months after Ludendorff had admitted the decline of Germany's fighting power, and three weeks after the request for an armistice! And it was not until November 7 that the Majority Socialists demanded the Kaiser's abdication, and not until November 10 that the republic was proclaimed. Nothing ever stood more clearly proved than that it was *military defeat*, not internal revolution, that caused Germany's collapse.

III

Now for the contention that capitulation was not a surrender, but

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simply a cessation of hostilities on certain fixed terms.

In an exchange of notes — October 8, 12 and 14 — President Wilson made it clear that no arrangement could be accepted that did not provide "absolutely satisfactory safeguards and guarantees of the maintenance of the present military supremacy of the armies of the United States and the Allies in the field." He insisted also on having further guarantees of the representative character of the German government. As a result, Prince Maximilian rushed through changes that democratized the German Constitution, limiting the prerogatives of the Kaiser and reducing the power of the military authorities.

On October 23, the President wrote that, in view of Germany's explicit acceptance of his proposals, he had communicated the entire correspondence to the Allied Powers with the suggestion that, if they were disposed to effect peace upon the terms indicated, they would ask their military advisers to draw up an armistice of such character as to "insure the associated governments the *unrestricted* power to safeguard and enforce the details of the peace to which the German government has agreed." Terms were submitted on November 8, and after study by the Germans, the armistice was signed on November 11.

Regarding President Wilson's notes, Ludendorff bears this testimony:

> On October 23rd or 24th, Wilson's answer arrived. It was a strong answer to our cowardly note. This time he made it clear that the armistice conditions must be such as to make it impossible for Germany to resume hostilities and to give the powers allied against her *unlimited* power to settle themselves the details of the peace accepted by Germany.

Two days later, Ludendorff resigned. On October 24, Hindenburg signed an order "for the information of all troops" that contained these statements:

> He (Wilson) will negotiate with Germany for peace only if she concedes all the demands of America's allies as to the internal constitutional arrangements of Germany. . . . Wilson's answer is a demand for *unconditional surrender*.

A second opportunity to choose between war or surrender was afforded the Germans by the presentation of the armistice terms, for a more definite document was never framed. It set down provisions that were the essence of unconditional surrender, and at every point made clear what the Peace Treaty itself would contain. The Germans could have denounced the terms as

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being in violation of President Wilson's assurance of a "just peace," but they made no such denunciation.

IV

To charge that the Germans were not heard is another incredible distortion.

The full text was handed to them on May 7, 1919, with the statement that an answer would be required by May 21. Oral discussion was barred for the reason that meetings would have degenerated into wrangles, but written arguments and counter-proposals were invited and the Germans took full advantage of this privilege. On May 10, the Germans discussed at length the clauses relating to the repatriation of prisoners; on May 12, the question of reparations; on May 13, the proposed territorial changes; on May 16, the Saar Basin; on May 22, the international labor legislation; and on May 23, the report of the Germany Economic Commission was published, together with the Allied reply. On May 20, an extension of time was asked and granted, and on May 29, the complete German counter-proposals were handed in and straightway given to the press for the information of all peoples.

The principal German contentions were these: that the peace was one of violence, not justice; that Germany did not commence the war; and that the Allies had stated repeatedly that they were not making war on the German people; it should be taken into consideration that the people were now in power, and that the new government should not be held responsible for the "faults" of the old. To these assertions, crushing rejoinders were made:

> The protest of the German delegation shows that they fail to understand the position in which Germany stands today. They seem to think that Germany has only to "make sacrifices in order to obtain peace," as if this were but the end of some mere struggle for territory and power. . . . For many years the rulers of Germany, true to the Prussian tradition, strove for a position of dominance in Europe. . . . In order to attain their ends they used every channel through which to educate their own subjects in the doctrine that might was right.

> Germany's responsibility, however, is not confined to having planned and started the war. She is no less responsible for the savage and inhuman manner in which it was conducted. Though Germany was herself a guarantor of Belgium, the rulers of Germany violated their solemn promise to respect the neutrality of this unoffending people. . . . They were the first to use poisonous gas, notwithstanding the appalling suffering it entailed. They began the bombing and long-distance shelling of towns for no military object,

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but solely for the purpose of reducing the morale of their opponents by striking at their women and children. They commenced the submarine campaign, with its piratical challenge to international law. . . . Justice is what the German delegation asks for, and says that Germany has been promised. But it must be justice for all. There must be justice for the dead and wounded . . . for the peoples who now stagger under war debts which exceed $30,000,000,000 that liberty might be saved . . . and for those millions whose homes and lands and property German savagery has spoliated and destroyed.

It is said that the German revolution ought to make a difference. . . . The Allied and Associated Powers recognize and welcome the change. It represents great hope for peace and a new European order in the future, but it cannot affect the settlement of the war itself. The German revolution was stayed until the German armies had been defeated in the field and all hope of profiting by a war of conquest had vanished. Throughout the war, as before the war, the German people and their representatives supported the war, voted the credits, subscribed to the war loans, obeyed every order, however savage, of their government. . . . They cannot now pretend, having changed their rulers after the war is lost, that it is justice that they should escape the consequences of their deeds.

V

Now for the vexed question of what Germany was called upon to pay and what it actually paid.

In his book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, John Maynard Keynes stated flatly that forty billion dollars was demanded by the Allies, a crushing indemnity that would have the effect of "degrading the lives of millions of human beings, and depriving a whole nation of happiness." This colossal figure was seized upon by Hitler and other German agitators and accepted with equal eagerness by the Big and Broad and Bold in England and America. It became the keystone in a huge Nazi edifice of lies, and self-deluded Americans must share in responsibility for its persistence.

The fact is that "poor Germany," instead of being impoverished by "extortionate and unconscionable demands," actually emerged with a handsome profit. Here are the telltale figures: up to 1924, Germany made payments in cash and kind to the amount of $1,880,200,000; under the Dawes plan, she paid $1,886,860,000, and under the Young plan, $685,916,000. Against this outgo, Germany received $5,158,000,000 in the form of loans, international and private, between 1924 and 1930, and during the same period, foreign capital invested seven hundred million dollars in German enterprises, eighty million dollars in German bonds, and five hundred million dollars in German real property.

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A total of $4,462,976,000 paid out against $6,438,000,000 taken in!

Almost a billion to the good on reparation, and her pump primed by a billion and a quarter of outside money, "poor Germany" plunged into a spending orgy without parallel. Among other things, she replenished inventories and her gold and foreign exchange reserves, built up her merchant marine, earned a favorable trade balance of five hundred million, tore down tenements and erected a million and a half new homes, and filled the land with costly public buildings, parks, swimming pools, athletic stadiums, convention halls, airports, theaters, museums, dining halls, office buildings, planetariums and hotels. Finally, by way of fanfare, she gave Russia $250,000,000 in credits. In plain, while the peoples of ravaged countries toiled and pinched, Germany went on a joy ride.

What opened the way for lies and lying was the failure of the Peace Conference to fix a lump sum based on provable damage. This was what Woodrow Wilson urged, but unhappily, Lloyd George and Clemenceau had led the Allied nations to expect colossal indemnities. Some of the estimates of what Germany could be made to pay ran as high as one hundred billions. President Wilson knew that it was not in Germany's power to raise any such sum, or even the cost of reconstruction, but he knew equally well that the governments of France, England and Italy would fall if this were admitted. What he did, therefore, was to agree to a *tentative* settlement that would continue the hope of Allied peoples until such time as the truth could be faced.

As a consequence, these terms were set down in the Peace Treaty: (1) a payment of five billion dollars by May 1921, against which the Germans were permitted to list the expenses of the Army of Occupation, along with credits for ships, coal, securities, cattle and other assets that might be turned over prior to 1924. There was also provision that a part or a whole of the sum could be reloaned to Germany for the rehabilitation of her economic life and this was done at an early date; (2) a bond issue of ten billion dollars; (3) a second issue of ten billion dollars, "when, but not until," the Commission on Reparation was satisfied that Germany could pay.

A definite settlement on its face — but tucked away inconspicuously was a note to the effect that the action was *advisory* only. The power to determine the amount of

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the indemnity, definitely and finally, was vested in the Commission on Reparation. On April 17, 1921, after a wait that permitted passions to cool, the Commission set aside the Treaty's twenty-five billion dollars, and fixed fifteen billion dollars as the sum that Germany would have to pay, and that over a term of years. Fifteen billions! A long way indeed from the Keynes-Hitler forty billions.

Instead of being encouraged by a leniency greater than they had dared to hope, the Germans not only refused to impose adequate taxes, but entered upon an orgy of inflation. This wiped out the enormous internal debt, and gave huge paper profits to industry and the great landholders, but it also impoverished the middle classes and ruined Germany's moral as well as financial credit. Payments were met promptly for 1921, because made in kind, but early in 1922 came whining requests for postponements and reductions.

The Commission agreed to a large measure of relief, but sternly insisted that the Germans stabilize the currency, balance the budget and increase the tax rates. None of these things was done and Berlin, in November 1922, pleaded for a definite moratorium and a revision of payments. Exasperated both by these tactics and German default in certain deliveries of timber, the French occupied the Ruhr in January 1923. In return, the German government ordered a policy of passive resistance, but while still pleading poverty had no difficulty in finding seven hundred million dollars to indemnify the whole Ruhr industry — capital, masters and men — for enforced idleness.

Unwilling to use force, the distracted Allies now decided to turn the whole business of reparations over to an international committee of experts, and under the chairmanship of General Charles G. Dawes, this body presented a plan that went into operation in August 1924. No attempt was made to fix the amount of Germany's obligation, and while $1,500,000 was required in five annual instalments, half in cash and half in kind, these payments were predicated on the generous condition that Germany's exchange and economic life should not be endangered. France agreed to evacuate the Ruhr, and by way of giving the plan a flying start, Germany received one loan of two hundred million dollars, and a second of $150,000,000 for her railways and post office.

Now all smiles, the Germans stabilized the currency, adopted budgetary reforms, and began to

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meet payments promptly. As a result, S. Parker Gilbert, Agent for Reparations Payments, reported in May 1930 that "Germany's credit has been re-established both at home and abroad, her industries have been reorganized, and her productive capacity restored, and the general standard of living has been greatly improved." What he failed to mention was that all of it was done on borrowed money. As Dr. Hjalmar Schacht admitted before swinging over to Hitler:

> The decisive historic mistake which must be charged against the German Social Democracy is that it seized the occasion of a lost war, and one on a tremendous scale which necessarily required the greatest sacrifices of the conquered people, to promise the masses of the population greater comforts than they had enjoyed before the war.

Why not? Were they not being assured by Adolf Hitler that the Peace Treaty was a "monstrous injustice" that should be repudiated in every detail? And was this point of view not being sustained by many leaders of public opinion both in England and the United States? The Allies were not only lending them millions, but gullible foreigners were fairly falling over each other to buy German bonds and invest in German enterprises and German real estate.

Soon, however, even the Dawes plan proved an unsatisfactory stopgap. Out of a myopic inability to see things as they were, the Allies came forward with a new one based on "confidence in the good faith and financial integrity of Germany." Under the chairmanship of Owen D. Young, a second group of experts took over and on January 20, 1930, announced the "complete and final settlement of the reparations problem." The slate was wiped clean and $7,200,000,000 was set forth as the amount that would settle Germany's reparation bill in full. Adding the $1,880,200,000 paid up to 1924, and the $1,886,860,000 paid under the Dawes Plan, a total of $10,967,060,000. A far cry indeed from the forty billion dollars that had caused such breast-beating on the part of Mr. Keynes and other members of the Big, Broad and Bold fraternity in England and the United States! Moreover, the $7,200,000,000 was staggered over the years until 1988! Another international loan of three hundred million dollars started the new plan off with a helpful shove. To quote Dr. Schacht again:

> The German Government faced two great tasks. In the first place, it was its duty to avail itself once and for all of the favorable provisions of the Young Plan — and a mere reading of the Young Plan reveals a whole series

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of opportunities for an active German reparation policy — and in the second place, it should have applied the utmost energy to the task of regulating its budget and assisting German industry by every possible economy in all public undertakings. It did neither of these things; it did not even take them in hand. Without waiting to be pressed, it sacrificed some of the most valuable provisions of the Young Plan, did nothing to make use of others, and permitted German finance and German industry to sink still lower.

These failures were due to Hitler's furious attacks, for he fought the Young Plan just as he had fought the Dawes Plan, determined to precipitate the ruin that would be his opportunity. Heinrich Brüning, the new Chancellor, strove manfully to reduce expenditures, compel budgetary reforms and end proved abuses, but not only did he have to fight Hitler but also the senile Hindenburg.

In October 1930, a $125,000,000 short term foreign credit was negotiated to cover the budget deficit, and in January, a second credit of thirty-five million dollars was arranged, but these were drops in the bucket. The *Federal Reserve Bulletin*, less naïve than Mr. Gilbert, foresaw the crash, and sounded this warning in November 1930:

> First and foremost, there has been no effective recognition of the principle that the Government must live within its income. Revenues have been ample, and, notwithstanding the important reductions in taxation that were made in the earlier years, have risen to an estimated total of 10,061,000,000 reichsmarks in 1929–30, as compared with 7,757,000,000 reichsmarks in 1924–25 and 8,961,000,000 reichsmarks in 1927–28. These revenues would have been adequate to meet all legitimate requirements of the Reich, and even to provide a reasonable margin of safety, if only a firm financial policy had been pursued. For the past four years, however, the Government has always spent more than it received and at times, especially during 1929–30, it has made commitments to spend even more than it could borrow.

Fast and faster the German joy ride rushed to a disastrous finish. By June 1931, conditions had reached a point where England and France fairly leaped at President Hoover's proposal of a moratorium that would suspend Germany's payments for the fiscal year beginning in July. Straightway the whole land blazed with the signal fires of repudiation, and by their light, Hitler and his gangsters climbed to autocratic power. *That was the end of reparation!* Four and a half billions paid out and six and a half billions taken in!

These facts should be more generally known and understood. The misguided "liberalism" which brought support to German lies must not be allowed once again, when Hitler and his minions are vanquished, to blind us to reality.

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TWO POEMS

By Kingsley Tufts

I

WE ARE THE QUIET PEOPLE,
the ones who wait
While others hang themselves with too much rope.
Ours is the slow tongue of patient hate,
Silent in the cheek until some hope
Of truth appears, until some way is found
To end deceit. The moth upon the bough,
The leaf-like worm, the snake upon the ground
Have learned no better way than this till now.
The dangerous word, the ostentatious act
Are not for us; ours is the quiet breath,
The hue and shade of inconspicuous fact,
And the instantaneous flight from threatening death.
We are the weak who build brave worlds upon
The silent fang, the dust, the hope of dawn.

II

A MAN CAN BUILD A WALL
against the wind,
A roof against the rain, but words are germs
Breeding in the blood, feeding upon the mind
In chains of phrases, in colonies of terms.
The public cup is vile with septic names,
The printed page infected; man grows weak
With pathogenic creeds and verbal shames —
The dearest lips are dangerous when they speak.
Words breed the plague, the fever of the brain,
Days of suffering and untimely death;
Words swell the heart and twist the back in pain:
The Four Horsemen ride upon man's breath.
Small wonder well men tremble when they hear
The eloquence of power — the voice of fear!

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Second shift

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▶ "*Frisco is again a boom town, a pleasure-seeking town, and, yes, in some respects, a hell-raising town.*"
— Variety, November 4, 1942.

SAN FRANCISCO: BOOM TOWN DE LUXE

By Lucius Beebe

City of fabulous legend, city of bonanza times and fires, city of railroads and gold and banks and ships and luxury hotels, city of a hundred banners rippling from skyscraper roofs, city of vigilantes and Pisco punches, city of incredible hills and mists and vistas, city of the most spacious and gusty saga in the American story, a sailor city, a rich man's city, a city of glamor and ghosts of the Barbary Coast, San Francisco recapitulates today almost every phase of its fragrant past and is the super-de luxe boom town of a wartime nation.

The original overlords of the Central Pacific railroad, the political pirates and plunderers of the nineteenth century, the celebrated cocktail route, the mansions of the great nabobs on the hilltops, the wickedness of Chinatown and the Barbary Coast, much that was tangible and animate in the San Francisco story may be gone, but the hilarious mortmain of the past is discernible even to gobs in the stews of Market Street who never heard of Crocker or Sutro or the Poodle Dog or the Mizners or a Palace whose inner court was the carriage drive. Through lean years, disastrous strikes, labor agitation and bankruptcies, the San Francisco wheel has come full circle. The town is in the chips, the fleet is always in; the plush cord is up in the hot spots and you can't fight your way to the bar at cocktail time at the Top of the Mark, the Fairmont or Timmy Fleuger's ornate version of a gin parlor at the St. Francis. Luncheon again is a great and stately function at the Palace; Slapsy Maxy Rosenbloom has an upstairs *el dumpo* which makes his Hollywood den look like something out of Watteau.

Even in the leanest years of the shipping and hotel strike, San Francisco never completely lost its flavor or identity; now it is re-established, not perhaps to the Bohemian tastes of such notables as Major J. Edward Bowes or the late Arnold Genthe, but certainly in terms of a luxuriousness and panache of excitement which makes it, along with Boston, Charleston

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and New Orleans and New York, a characteristic and individual community.

Nowhere else are there such immemorial institutions as cable cars, Sunday expeditions to the Cliff House to see the seals, the view from the Top of the Mark and from Julius' Castle, the tumults of what apparently are a million sailors in the Market Street stewing, spewing and tattooing parlors after dark, the fabled sweep of the Bay Bridge, the Stingers built by Gus, the ageless barkeep at the St. Francis men's buffet, the tiny shrimp, sand dabs and giant crabs' legs that make the town the mecca for gourmets, the urgency of conflagrations in a community acutely fire conscious, the sibilant subpavement whisper of endless cables for the cable cars, the ceaseless pageant of arrival and departure for wars and the far places of the earth. Other communities may have their counterparts and parallel fascinations, but in their entirety, these are the property of San Francisco alone.

Perhaps the most perfumed of all San Francisco legends and one that has survived from the age of the railroad kings and the Comstock Lode, the Palace (perish the thought of calling it the Palace "Hotel") still stands in its post-conflagration redaction, a mighty souvenir of the champagne past and the bonanza present. An older Palace had been, in the days of Huntington, Crocker, Mackay and Flood, virtually the seat of the government of California. Legend surrounds its every mention and books by the bookshelf yard have been written about it. Leland Stanford was the first guest to register at the old Palace; Charles Crocker was the first to enter its dining room. King Kalakaua had died there as Warren G. Harding was to die in a later Palace. Grant and Sherman, Adelina Patti, McKinley and Henry Ward Beecher were familiars to its corridors. Frank Norris and Ambrose Bierce and the elder and younger Hearsts knew it well. Its free lunch of game birds and *foie gras* was fabled and it was a more than train-orders-stop on the cocktail route of the nineties.

Today, the Palace is the strongest connecting link between the San Francisco of spacious times during the last century and the epic San Francisco of today. Its food is tops for the Pacific Coast; its kitchens reputedly the best organized anywhere west of the Waldorf; the cocktail hour under Maxfield Parrish's Pied Piper, a dubious triumph of art but a landmark of note, necessitates the pass-

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ing of over-shoulder drinks by the bucket brigade system from the bar to thirsty brokers and admirals in the rear. Midweek lunch in its Palm Court, once the carriage entrance to the premises, is institutional and immutable, the counterpart of Monday lunch in the Mural Room at the St. Francis. Its menu teems with dishes of the Palace tradition: Consomme Patti, created many years ago by Chef Ernest Arbogast in honor of the singer, roulade of sand dabs, *foie gras* and marrow broiled on toast, *petit coeur flottant a la creme aux fraises*. The transition from champagne days to the age of sidecars the Palace has taken in its stride. Its several restaurants are jammed at meal times (it set an all-time record recently by serving luncheon for 4,200 persons in a single day) and in the men's bar, the Happy Valley and adjacent sluicing premises, the business of hoisting them is nearly a twenty-four-hour procedure. Its tremendous corridors and public rooms are celebrated for the flowers and, indeed, whole shrubs and trees brought to town daily from the hotel's own greenhouses at South San Francisco.

The men's bar of the Palace at lunch is a fine thing to behold, peopled as it is with the mighty and witty of the town: Paul Posz of the Municipal Opera; Timothy Fleuger, the ribald architect who has just finished installing a four-story subcellar garage under Union Square: Harry Ross, the assistant comptroller of San Francisco County; George Cameron of the *Chronicle;* Joe Cauthorne, publisher of the local Scripps-Howard *News;* Joseph Dyer, Jr., the Municipal Art Commissioner; sometimes Mayor Rossi and invariably a platoon or two of ensigns and junior loueys from the Navy and, on weekends, shoals of enlisted men from the training school at Treasure Island. A feature of lunch at the Palace is, too, the "Cabinet Table" in the Palm Court, regularly seating such notables as John Francis Neylan, Chester Rowell, Clarence Linder, publisher of the San Francisco *Examiner*, Justices Douglas Edmonds and John Shenck, and Chief Justice Phil Gibson.

Practically coeval with the Palace is the Fairmont Hotel on the impressive top of Nob Hill, flanked on one façade by the Mark Hopkins and facing the Pacific Union Club whose stately premises were once the Flood mansion. The Fairmont was built by Senator Fair out of the profits from the Comstock in 1903, and was scheduled to open, with vast civic and social ceremony, in

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June 1906. In April of that year, however, San Francisco suffered the most epic of its many conflagrations, and along with everything else on Nob Hill, the Fairmont went up in a cloud of the most expensive smoke. The basic architecture of the premises survived and it opened its doors a year later to become one of the classic hotels de luxe of our continent.

The Fairmont is nothing to trifle with. Its approach is guarded by carriage starters in crimson tailcoats and white plug hats; its corridors are the cloistered equivalent of the landing ramps of a military airfield; its marble pillars, gilded colonnades, Chinoiseries and ornate furniture the archetypal symbols of solid affluence and respectability. The Cirque Room is, perhaps, the most agreeably conservative hoisting parlor in town and the senior barkeep, Jack Walker, is reputed to make the most energetic cocktails, bar none, on Nob Hill. The clientele is varied and stretches between Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant and the more affluent gentlemen gobs of the Navy and Coast Guard.

II

An aspect of San Francisco public life which is less familiar in other cities is the almost complete dominance of the best and more costly resorts by enlisted men of the various services and the something less than awe which attends the persons of commissioned officers. No amount of gold braid, oak leaves and spread eagles can impress a San Francisco waiter captain; seamen and Army privates in general have a sort of social priority almost everywhere. It is a common and heartening sight to see apprentice seamen, pharmacist's mates and torpedomen bowed to their tables while recent ensigns and self-important majors and their wives wait outside the crimson cord for inferior service and slightly watered drinks. In almost all the bars of the town, the custom obtains of slipping free hookers, dividends and over-size portions at reduced rates to enlisted men. San Francisco has always been a sailor's town and another war doesn't change it any.

In a more leisured generation, the cocktail route in San Francisco was a world-famed institution and embraced in its economy all the bars of downtown Montgomery, Market and Kearney Streets and scores of adjacent premises in stews, mews and alleyways. According to Evelyn Wells in her *Champagne Days of Old San Francisco*, the cocktail route started from the Reception Saloon in Sutter Street

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and terminated in any of a number of celebrated oases in upper Market. High spots in the accepted course of progress were Pop Sullivan's Hoffman Café, The Palace, Haquettes Palace of Art on Post near Kearney, the Occidental in Montgomery, the Bank Exchange with its marble floors and fine paintings, the Baldwin, the Peerless and the Grand Hotel, Dunne Brothers, Flood and O'brien's, celebrated for its corned beef and cabbage, and the Cobweb Palace.

The cocktail route still exists in the San Francisco of the moment, but only the Palace survives in the full glory of the Nineties. Unlike New Yorkers, San Franciscans admire to stroll from saloon to saloon, absorbing no more than six or eight liquid arrangements in each and visiting their favorite haunts with more or less clock-like regularity. New Yorkers, of course, prefer to sit themselves down in one haunt and stay sat. Notable among the refuges of contemporary times are the two bars at the St. Francis, the men's buffet presided over by Gus Boell, and the shiny patent leather and composition glass devising of architect Timmy Fleuger known as the "coffin bar" to irreverent patrons. The Top of the Mark at the Mark Hopkins, the Cirque Room at the Fairmont across the way, the Prado in the Plaza Hotel in Union Square, Ray Barrow's, 41 Powell Street, the Clift Hotel's Redwood Bar and the Persian Room at the Sir Francis Drake.

The gaudy night life for which San Francisco has been notable ever since Mr. Sutter discovered gold up the Sacramento River continues unabated in its modern redaction, financed largely by the military and the Navy and flowering handsomely from the precincts of Market Street to "The Beach" and the loud but essentially innocent resorts of the International Settlement. Mostly the dives of this particular district are rigorously policed by the municipality and shore and Army gendarmes; their viciousness is confined to beer drinking, shooting at targets, singing Victorian ballads at Bill's Gay Nineties and being photographed in prop hats by tintype cameramen who never heard of Arnold Genthe. There are more oblique amusements for the ultra-sophisticated, but they are well screened from the public gaze and the heavy hand of authority clamps a padlock on them now and then. Fun, generally speaking, is robust, naïve and very costly.

Nick at the Palace men's bar can charge $2.50 for a couple of mixed drinks without batting an eye, but

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he has been known to be generous with enlisted men and is one of the town's highly esteemed citizens. Two bits for a shine is the standard price and motor livery is expensive beyond the imaginings of anybody who is not a Spreckels or a Crocker. Food, however, is moderately priced even in the poshest places and dinner at Omar Khayyam's, the Mark or Maiden Lane Solari's comes to no more than similar establishments elsewhere in the world.

Omar Khayyam's is a restaurant deserving of more than passing notice, not so much for its food as for the personality of its presiding chef and genius, George Mardikian, who has accomplished for himself and his house one of the more startling jobs of promotion and publicization of the American restaurant world. So vast has been the success of the establishment that it is practically impossible to secure a table without reservations and long ranks of the patient wait night after night on the staircase for places.

The show place of Nob Hill is, of course, the Top of the Mark, a tavern of Mr. Fleuger's designing, wonderfully located on the roof of the Mark Hopkins Hotel. Two elevators are required to hoist its patrons skyward, while a single lift is sufficient for the other requirements of the house, and the view from its panoramic windows is breathtaking. The circular bar is jammed three deep with the armed services after sundown, while older officers and their ladies prefer window tables overlooking the harbor or Mission District or "The Beach."

Further exploration of the white light scene would lead the pious pilgrim to the Bal Tabarin, to the Fiesta, where the Tropical Punch is all that its name implies in the way of a torrid sock, a snack at Julius' Castle, to Slapsy Maxy's in O'Farrell, Mori's, Jack's, John's Rendezvous, the Copacabana, and the Club 400 where, at the moment of writing, Gladys Bentley is the starred attraction. No survey, however cursory, of the Golden Gate scene would be complete without mention of two restaurants, more or less out of San Francisco's city center: the Cliff House, overlooking the Pacific beyond the Sutro Baths, and Trader Vic's across the bridge in Oakland. There have been numerous versions of the Cliff House, two of them having been destroyed by fire and one by a mysterious internal explosion. It still retains much of its glamor as a week-end roadhouse, when the weather is fair. Vic's trading post, saloon and restaurant in Oakland

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boasts ninety varieties of tall rum drinks alone on its incredible bill of potations, while other goods in trade available are all sorts of souvenirs of the Pacific islands and ships' stores. Vic himself, a ribald fellow who wears a camellia over one ear, is something right out of Conrad.

III

A city that takes its arts seriously, San Francisco is able to boast that its most recent opera season was the most successful in its history, despite wartime conditions. Its handsome and stately Municipal Opera House, under the general administration of Gaetano Merola, is sold out nightly, carrying on a tradition of the city that stems from the gold rush days of '49.

An older San Francisco heard its opera at Morosco's Grand Opera House on Mission near Third where, according to tradition, every night when opera wasn't being sung, Walter Morosco would sit in the last row, weeping copiously over the florid griefs of his own productions of *Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl* and *The Prodigal Daughter*. According to Miss Wells' chronicle of the time, it was customary for the police to guard the stage entry after such performances, as the citizenry, hypnotized by melodramatic villainy, often assembled to shower the leading heavy with cobblestones. In those days, Melba, Fritzi Scheff, Nordica, Édouard de Reszke, Homer, Scotti, Emma Eames, Sembrich and Caruso were the city's favorites.

Today, the Municipal Opera is populated by Lily Pons, Jean Tennyson, Jan Peerce, Richard Bonelli, Ezio Pinza, John Brownlee and Josephine Antoine; the town and the military turn out in clusters of diamonds and horse blankets of sables every bit as impressive as the Metropolitan on a more Cartier-Revillon Fréres evening. As a matter of fact, the architectural economy of the Memorial Opera lends itself far more than the Met to spectacular parading, with its broad staircases, endless marble gangways and vast white and gold lobby. There are bars for everyone, one of them devoted to champagne exclusively, and everyone from Dorothy Spreckels Dupuy McCarthy to Mme. Margaret Chung, the energetic and public-spirited over-lady of Chinatown, and Charles Myron Clegg, Jr., selected last year by the late Maury Paul as the best-dressed sailor in New York's Easter Parade can be seen parading at the intermissions of *The Bartered Bride*,

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Fledermaus or *Masked Ball*. Later in the season, the Municipal bill includes a stand by the Russian Ballet Theater and a concert calendar embracing Stokowski, Marian Anderson, Jan Peerce and Rise Stevens, the Don Cossacks, Richard Crooks, Jascha Heifetz, Mischa Elman, John Charles Thomas, Nelson Eddy and Artur Rubinstein.

To argue that the San Francisco scene is the archetype of luxurious perfection would be erroneous as such an unqualified estimate would be of any boom town. It suffers many of the inconveniences of being a bonanza town and at the same time a community hedged, hindered and harassed by the circumstance of war. Hotel space is at a fabulous premium and weary and unsuccessful searchers for accommodations snooze gently throughout the night unmolested in the lobbies of the smartest caravanserais. Always short of transportation, it is a city where twenty times the number of taxis now in service wouldn't begin to fill the demand and a hack once captured is usually retained by the lucky finder at meter rates no matter how long his stops may be. Competent waiters are almost non-extant and elderly captains serve in a variety of capacities ranging from wine steward to bus. There is an almost unbelievable shortage of imported wine in a town once famed for its cellars. All the irregularities and nuisances incidental to Federal control of everything are manifest and abundant, but San Francisco rises above them and probably will continue to do so for the duration. Once termed a town "where hospitality is a vice," public entertaining in restaurants and night clubs is practically unabated even though the hostess may have to rush drinks from the bar herself.

Boom town and bonanza, San Francisco retains so much of the feeling and spirit of its other palmy days, when "seeing the elephant" was a favorite local phrase for doing the rounds of the more elaborate joy-boy bars, schnitzel chateaux, bagnios and deadfalls, that Senator William Sharon or Jack London or any other old-timer, if he were to return to earth blindfolded, would still recognize the city from its immemorial street sounds alone. The thunder of the four tracks of street cars in Market, the incessant uproar of fire companies en route to conflagration or false alarm, the clang of the cable car bells, distinctive and unique in all the world, the fog horns in the harbor on misty nights, the roars of ship-bound sailors heading vaguely for the Ferry House at dawn, the bed-

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lamite cries of news vendors with the morning editions out at seven the previous evening, the chimes of the churches, all have about them the wistful and ageless quality of America's most exciting city. If ever they should be stilled, something of the wonder of the nation's life of gusto and hurrah would be gone forever.

BLACK LYRIC

By Rolfe Humphries

Love that gives or takes
Regardless of the mind
Cherishes the darkness:
Though the sleeper wakes
Still the eyes are blind,
Blind, and also needless.

Beauty in the act,
Terror in the cry,
Summon dark beyond
This in which we lie.

Where the red and black
Fuse in utter night,
And the other four
Join the sense of sight:
If the awful door
Close or open, heedless.

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ENOUGH FOR ALL!

By Dorothy Thompson

Most of you here have been in advance of the thought of your country on the issue of war. You knew that matters having been allowed to run as long as they had, and in the direction that they had, only one outcome could be expected, namely the present total and world-wide conflict in arms. All sought to avoid being embroiled in this struggle and all failed.

The means adopted to avoid participation in the conflict varied. But behind all of them was a popular sense of the evil in war, a troubled conscience, and a sense, too, of intellectual as well as spiritual revulsion.

This is the text of an address made on November 19 at a public dinner, in New York, marking the first anniversary of Freedom House. The American Mercury *editors are pleased to publish it because Miss Thompson's eloquent message seems to them significant in connection with American thinking on the world after the victory.*

All thoughtful people realized that the perennial causes of war, which have been held to lie in the economic sphere, were rapidly being removed by the alchemists of modern science. Through countless ages, it had been a fact of human life that to them that had was given and that from them that had not was taken away even what they had. It was a fact that at no time during those ages had the discovered land and resources of the earth been sufficient adequately to nourish the whole population living upon it. Because men were always hungry and other men had bread, the hungry killed them and took away their good lands. Because men had the ingenuity to build industries, and other men with less ingenuity had the aluminum and manganese, antimony and rubber, oil and coal and tin necessary to the creation and maintenance of those industries, the ingenious organized against the naïve and robbed them of their resources.

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Over war hung the justification of The Progress of Civilization. Even so humane and disinterested a spirit as Wynwood Reede could, in the last century, in his book *The Tragedy of Man*, find justification for the despoiling of one people by another on the ground that, on balance, the interests of civilization as a whole had been served.

Our country, wrested from its original Indian inhabitants by sword and fire, could support, according to the outlook of the eighteenth century, only a limited number of white settlers, to be counted by the millions and not the tens of millions. The brutalities committed in Asiatic colonies, in the same century, by Europeans of all nationalities were all inspired by a doctrine of *Lebensraum*. The researches of men like Darwin into anthropology resulted in the theory that man had evolved upon this planet through struggle and that the Survival of the Fittest was a law of nature and hence justifiable in the eyes of God. Malthus preached that the rapid growth of population to be observed in the rising industrial era would eventually overcrowd the planet. Since there would never be enough for all, it was argued that one race or people would constantly be exterminating another, and even that war was a therapeutic against mass starvation.

II

Our century, with all its troubles and maladjustments, had glimpsed a vision of a totally different world. In industries, laboratories and universities, a new learning had grown up out of research into the nature of matter. It was discovered that what previous physicists had regarded as little gobs of static stuff, namely matter, was not static at all but was energy in constant motion. Chemists were discovering that the elements and energies in this seemingly static and frozen matter could be broken down and reassembled.

The Kingdom of Man, the material kingdom, lay no longer in the earth alone, but in the seas and in the air. Man could harness the inexhaustible lightning and tides to turn his wheels; he could draw from the air nitrates to feed his soil; he could turn grain into plastics, acetylene gas into wood, wood into silk, vegetable matter into a substitute for mineral matter and *vice versa*. In the recent words of Dr. M. A. Stine, vice-president of du Pont, new continents of matter were being discovered daily and hourly. These continents did not

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lie overseas, in lands inhabited by other peoples, nor over the borders of neighboring nations. They lay close at hand in the ingenuity of man himself.

Thus, for the first time in man's long and tragic history on this earth, he had ceased to be the slave of matter. Thus, for the first time in man's painful journey upward out of the slime through trillions of years, he was, if he wished to take possession of it, master of unlimited possibilities of abundance. For the first time, Cain had no reason to slay Abel. For the first time, there was enough for all upon this planet.

In a groping and inarticulate way, the apprehension of this had spread to the masses of people of the earth. A message was flickering on the winds, whether they blew over the steppes of Central Asia, or the uttermost islands of the seas, or over the oldest centers of the most highly developed civilizations. The message was: *There is enough for all!*

Since time immemorial, the conscience of man has cried out against spilling his brother's blood. Yet his conscience had been at war with the material realities of his life. Now, at long last, the dreams of the prophets of old were capable of realization. Man could at long last survive and be humane at the same time!

There was truly a war still to be fought in the society of mankind, but it was a bloodless war in the mind and heart. It was a war against outlived theories of economics and international relations. It was a war against ignorance and intellectual timidity. It was a struggle to call man into his inheritance. From the intellectual mountain tops of the world, voices were crying to man:

"Wake up and stand up! The day of slavery is over! Through countless generations men have built civilizations on the enslavement of their fellows and have known no other way. But behold, mankind has new slaves, slaves of metal and electricity and steam. They are here in billions. They have no hearts to beat, no minds to trouble, no egos to long for expression, no blood to spill. They will work for you without ever a revolt. When they die, you can throw them into a cauldron and revive them to work again. They will pull the strongest rocks out of the ground, fell the highest forests, add and subtract, multiply and divide for you. They will carry your words to the uttermost parts of the earth with the speed of light; they will carry you over the tops of the world more swiftly than a bird

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can fly; they will propel you under the sea. There is a new heaven and a new earth, for the old earth has passed away and there shall be no more sea!"

III

If man on this globe had ever fully realized just once, clearly and with vision, the fact of his liberation; if he had realized to the fullest that the prayer he has prayed for two thousand years: "Give us this day our daily bread" is fulfilled, if only he wants it to be, and fulfilled through his own creativeness, the attribute he shares with God — if all men realized this, would they not dash into the streets as the Russians used to do on Easter Day and kiss everyone they met, and sing with joy? Would man not set about to fulfill the rest of the prayer: "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven"? Would man not wrestle with the last unconquered territory, his own mind and soul? Would he not say to the Black Man: "Let me share with you from an inexhaustible fountain"? Would he not call the Yellow Man "brother"? Would he not use his liberation to turn the whole world into an Eden, with not an ugly building, a shabby street, a hungry child?

Today we have organized the whole world to blow each other to bits because mankind cannot believe the good news. Instead of receiving the good news with thanksgiving, some men listened with greedy eyes, thinking: "All this new wealth — how can we get more of it than anyone else? How can we use it further to enslave our fellows?"

They set about turning this new wealth into the most prodigious aggressive weapons the world has ever seen. Instead of proclaiming the liberation of man, they heralded his new enslavement. They claimed for themselves the monopoly of this illimitable universal power. They declared themselves masters of the world's prosperity — masters in Europe and masters in Asia.

Yet this new prosperity was created by no nation of men. It has been created by the human intellect and every race on this planet has contributed to it: the Hindu, Sir C. V. Raman, with his researches into the nature of light; the Negro, Dr. Carver; the great Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, Swiss, Chinese, Jews, Moslems — each adding his mite of knowledge to the vast accumulations of knowledge of how to conquer matter, disease and

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want; how to make man the master of his planet and reach out from it to other stars.

We are now engaged in a great civil war, testing whether the creations of these minds shall be used for new slaveries among the peoples of the earth or whether they shall be used for the creation of a commonwealth of fellowship and prosperity for all humankind; testing whether man shall have conquered matter in order to be conquered by himself, or whether he shall have conquered matter in order to possess himself and enter into his full inheritance.

A year after we Americans entered into this war, we have begun to release inventions, energies, create new forms of human organizations, and make such transmutations of elements as were latent in this society all along. Everything that men are doing for war they could have done for peace to make this earth a paradise.

As our armies, standing now in might upon the frontiers of the globe, blast open paths into the heart of the enemy, the kings of slavery, may we bring with us, wherever we break through, no old treaties, old compromises, old diplomacies, old faces, old concepts, old formulas — for new wars. By all means let our arms restore to nations of men the constitutions embodying their political liberties. But let them also carry a great word, thundered above the roar of our cannons, and addressed to the people of this now so little star:

"Get up from all fours! Stand on your feet! Open your eyes, and your ears, and your minds! These planes that drop bombs have made the earth *one* habitation; these energies which propel shells will turn wheels; this blood that we spill will fertilize the earth for a new flowering. Whether you stand in our ranks or against them, to all we bring this message: Mankind is free! There is enough for all!"

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▶ *Why are we being denied the use of this strategic metal?*

THE SCANDALOUS SILVER BLOC

By Elliott V. Bell

Buried in the ground at West Point is the world's biggest hoard of an important strategic metal, badly needed by our war industries. It is needed in the making of ships, airplanes, tanks, trucks, guns, shells, bombs, torpedoes. Yet industry is cut off from that supply. In this all-out war, we fix prices, wages, salaries; we requisition property, draft soldiers and prepare to draft labor. We compel holders of copper, aluminum and other metals to sell them at a fair price or face seizure. But this one strategic metal is exempt; this one hoarder is privileged.

The metal is silver; the hoarder is the United States Government. We have heard loud, indignant blasts from Congressmen and government officials against industries and individuals who are accused of holding up the supply of vital materials for selfish ends. But in all this, there has been no word of silver.

For nine years our government has been subsidizing the silver interests. It has bought every ounce of domestically-produced silver at double the market value. It has bought the foreign silver Mexico and other countries chose to dump on us. It has accumulated a great store of silver, although there was no monetary use for it, in the face of our enormous reserve of $23,000,000,000 of gold. Until the war came, there appeared no earthly prospect that the American people would ever get a return for the bounty they had showered on the silver interests. Now, suddenly, a greatly expanded industrial need for silver has appeared.

Quite beyond its normal use for making knives and forks and dental fillings, silver is needed now to substitute for copper, tin, nickel and other scarce war metals. For nine years silver has been a kept metal, dependent for its sole support upon the bounty of an unwilling government. Now it has a chance to lead an honest, useful life in industry and the American people have an unique chance to get a dividend on their investment. But in the face of this opportunity and

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this need, our Treasury is compelled to sit upon its buried hoard, helpless in the face of a set of absurd laws which compel it endlessly to keep on buying silver at artificial prices and forbid it to sell except at a prohibitively high figure.

The explanation of all this is that a compact, powerful bloc of Senators from our western silver-producing states stands squarely determined to block any effort to repeal or even amend our foolish silver legislation. Such is the power of these selfish men that the government itself does not dare to oppose them directly. It even plays into their hands.

Here are the facts: Back in the confusion of the depression years of 1933 and 1934, the political heirs of William Jennings Bryan succeeded in putting across what Bryan, nearly forty years before, had failed with all his oratory to accomplish. They put the United States back on a bimetallic standard. They passed laws which did two things: first, they caused the government to subsidize the domestic silver industry by buying the entire annual output at high prices (the present buying rate fixed by law is 71.11 cents an ounce, compared with a recent market price of 35 cents an ounce); second, they required the Treasury to buy silver both at home and abroad until either of two goals was reached — either the price of silver had advanced to the statutory level of $1.29 an ounce or the amount of silver accumulated equalled one-fourth of the combined stocks of silver and gold. Today, we are further away from either of these goals than we were when we started.

As a result of these long years of silver buying, our government has accumulated more than 113,000 tons of silver. Of this, about 14,000 tons is in the form of coin, 52,000 tons consists of silver pledged against outstanding silver certificates, and 47,000 tons is unpledged "free silver."

II

Until the war came, the arts and industries which use silver were not troubled by our silver purchase program. There had been a brief period shortly after the passage of the Silver Purchase Act of 1934 when our Treasury competed madly with itself in an effort to corner the world market in silver. It drove the price up from forty-three to eighty-one cents an ounce. Then it suddenly woke up to the fact that it was being played for a sucker by all the countries of the

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world which were feeding out to it their unwanted stocks of silver. It stopped buying, pulled the plug, and let the world price fall to thirty-five cents, where it remained for the next seven years. But at that level, ample supplies of foreign silver came into the market to meet the needs of industry.

When war came it was different. Many new uses for silver arose. Silver has many of the properties of copper and tin, two metals made scarce by war needs. It is an excellent electrical conductor. It combines with lead, as tin does, to form solder, with great economies in the saving of tin. For example, two and one-half to five pounds of silver can supplant forty to fifty pounds of tin in making solder, a valuable property now that Japan has cut us off from some of our chief sources of tin. Today pure silver is being used to replace copper wire in making electrical appliances and small motors; it is being used for airplane bearings and for the wiring connections in planes and other precision instruments of death. In various ways, silver can substitute for tungsten, bismuth, stainless steel and monel metal. It is, of course, essential for photographic film, surgical materials and pharmaceutical products.

Silver can play a big part in the industry of war. And yet for months there has been an acute shortage. The war industries are not getting enough; other industries and little businesses are being driven out of existence.

In the face of this situation, it became obvious long ago that our silver legislation ought to be repealed. Instead, the Administration sought by various means to relieve the shortage of silver without antagonizing the silver bloc in Congress. Last April, the Treasury worked out a "lend-lease" plan with the War Production Board whereby the Treasury's "free silver" would be lent to the Defense Plants Corporation for non-consumptive use in war plants. But this silver could not be used up. It had to be returned to the Treasury after the war. As a practical matter, it could not be employed for anything much beyond displacing copper in the manufacture of electrical bus bars. As a result, only a minor fraction of the amount available has been employed. Then the Treasury scraped around some more and discovered that it had five million ounces of what was known as "silver ordinary," metal acquired in various ways in the past not subject to the restrictions of the Silver Purchase Act, that it could sell to industry. But this was not much

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more than a gesture. It amounted only to about one-tenth of 1 per cent of all the government's huge holdings.

In the meantime, the shortage of silver had grown tighter and tighter. With the growing war needs, the War Production Board last July issued a ruling forbidding the importation of foreign silver except by special license so as to reserve available supplies for users with high priorities. Other users were permitted to consume the stocks they had on hand within certain limits; but from October 1, they had to hold their silver for WPB orders.

On top of this, the price was raised. That was an interesting little episode too. It seems the State Department wanted to do something more for Mexico. Some conversations were held, the burden of which was that it would be a nice thing if Mexico could get a higher price for her silver so as to stimulate production and permit the Mexican Government to levy an additional tax thereon. An increase of ten cents an ounce was agreed upon, three cents to subsidize the Mexican producers and seven cents to subsidize the Mexican Government. Then the Office of Price Administration obligingly raised the ceiling on foreign silver from thirty-five cents an ounce to forty-five cents. Thus, even in the midst of silver shortages, it was arranged for the war industries using silver to pay a little extra for the benefit of Mexico. But still nothing was done to make available the huge buried hoard held by the government.

Then there was another interesting measure of relief. All during the time industry was being pinched for silver, the domestic production, amounting to seventy million ounces annually, was going straight from one hole in the ground to another. Every ounce was being bought by the Treasury at the fixed price of 71.11 cents. That began to look a little queer, so the OPA made another ruling. It decided that domestic consumers could buy domestically produced silver at the same price paid by the Treasury, plus freight. Thus, industry was at least permitted to compete with the Treasury for silver, although at the penalty of having to pay well over twice the recent market price.

Still nothing was done about repealing the absurd silver laws. The WPB decided that gold mines would have to shut down to save machinery and manpower. But did anyone suggest closing down the silver mines? On the contrary, several Senators gravely urged that

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special priorities should be granted to silver producers for machinery in order to increase production of this strategic metal — so that more of it could be buried in the ground at West Point! The Treasury long ago had gone on record as favoring the repeal of these obnoxious silver laws. But now it became strangely silent. Indeed, whenever criticism of the silver scandal appeared in the press, the Treasury and the WPB rushed into print with repetitious "announcements" giving the misleading impression that the government's silver was being fully put to use in the war effort.

The explanation for this strange behavior came out later when it became known that the Treasury, fearful that the powerful Senate silver bloc would hold up its tax program, had made a tacit truce with the silverites to lay off the subject.

Now, with the tax bill out of the way, the Treasury has given its approval to a mild proposal made by Senator Theodore F. Green, of Rhode Island, which would authorize the President through the Treasury to sell to industry at the direction of the War Production Board its free silver and would permit it to lease-lend the silver pledged against outstanding silver certificates. A Senate subcommittee held brief hearings on the measure and reported favorably upon it last October. The War Production Board approved it; the Navy asked for it. No opposition appeared except from one quarter. Senator McCarran, of Nevada, leader of the Senate silver bloc, announced that, of course, the silver Senators would oppose the measure "most heartily." It is up to the people to watch the fate of this legislation.

III

It is in this group of silver Senators that silver finds the strange vitality that has kept it a political issue in this country nearly half a century after Bryan and his "cross of gold" went down to defeat before McKinley. It is this group of western legislators and their political allies who have succeeded in the face of our wartime need of silver in denying to the people of the United States the use of the great hoard of silver for which they have paid out millions of dollars. They come from the silver-producing States of Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, California and Texas. Only the first six, or sometimes the first seven, on this list comprise what is ordinarily called the silver bloc. But the Senators from these states can always count on allies from the inflationist

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farm bloc with which the silver bloc interlocks.

Plain economics or plain facts can never satisfactorily explain the rôle of silver in American politics. Silver is one of our least important industries. The entire output of the United States and its possessions in 1933 was worth less than nine million dollars. Even last year's expanded output at the Treasury's inflated buying price was worth less than fifty million dollars. The actual subsidy above the market price to silver producers only came to half of that. And half of it went to a group of large mining companies including Anaconda, Phelps Dodge, Sunshine, Kennecott and Federal Mining and Smelting, most of which are interested in copper rather than silver.

Yet the silver Senators who guard this little vested interest are as strong, as agile and as tireless a pressure group as ever plagued a government. The Roosevelt Administration did not want our silver legislation to begin with, and has been heartily sick of it for years; yet it does not dare openly oppose the silverites. Why this is so can only be understood in the light of the sectional prejudices and confused monetary delusions with which silver has come to be surrounded in its past political history.

The story goes back to the last quarter of the nineteenth century. At that time, the silver dollar was dropped from the list of our official coins simply because for years before no silver had been brought to the mints for coining. It had been worth more as bullion than as coin. But at the very moment that the silver dollar was being dropped, events were shaping that were to bring about a great fall in the price of silver and to lay the basis for its subsequent political career. In the worldwide shift to a gold standard, the mints of Europe were being closed to silver coinage. At the same time, large new discoveries of the metal were being made in our West. The price of silver fell. Since the period was also one of worldwide decline in all commodity prices, the loud demands of the silver producers for renewed government purchase and coinage of silver were joined by the demands of debtors, speculators and farmers for "cheap money." There was thus formed in the last years of the last century an alliance of silverites, agrarians and assorted inflationists which has survived to this day. In every subsequent depression, these groups blamed the fall of prices on gold and demanded the free coinage of silver as a means of raising prices.

That was the cry raised in the

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dark days of our own Great Depression. Added to it was a strange mixture of crackpot international economic theory which found fertile ground in the confusion of the early thirties. The Administration, bent upon its own expansionist policies of devaluing the dollar, tried to head off the silver forces. It even exposed the speculative interests of the silver advocates, including Father Coughlin. But the silver bloc threatened to hold up all legislation until it had its way, and at length, Roosevelt capitulated.

According to its advocates, our silver program was to restore silver to monetary usefulness throughout the world. Instead, it drove the last remaining silver-standard country, China, off silver and onto a paper money standard. It was to raise the purchasing power of the Far East. Instead, it precipitated a violent deflation and banking crisis in China until that country abandoned silver. It was to put a crimp in Japan — just how was never clear. Instead, it helped Japan finance her rape of China by making it possible for her to drain off silver from the conquered provinces and sell it to the United States Treasury for dollars with which to buy war materials. It was to lift the level of commodity prices. Instead, we had to wait for war to turn that trick. Finally, it was to restore the value of silver in the world markets. Instead, the price of silver for the past seven years has been lower than it was when the program started.

On every hand, the high pretensions which surrounded this mad program have turned into fiascos. For years now nothing has remained of them. The silver program has degenerated into a mean, common handout to the silver states and now it has achieved the ultimate in degradation — it denies our war effort access to a huge stockpile of a strategic metal which we have bought and paid for.

On any ground, the program is now indefensible. The time has long since come to wipe the whole slate clean of this confused experiment. Silver can be a useful metal in industry instead of being kept a slacker metal, masquerading as a basic monetary reserve, and maintained in useless idleness by government bounty. But that can be accomplished only if silver is rescued from its professional political friends, the silver Senators. Many of them have built their whole political careers on getting the country to do something for silver. They are not going to give that up merely in order to let silver do something for the country. Not unless the country unmistakably demands it.

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YOU CAN PULL OUT ANY TIME

A Story

By Chenoweth Hall

All around the shining pine counter they stopped their chewing and looked up — each with the sort of friendly loneliness of those who eat all their meals in public places. No face was really strange for they had grown accustomed to sharing conversation with everybody. The stiff new clump of army shoes came on down toward the counter. They all waited to see where he would sit down before they pronged up another forkful. There was a suspension and an expectancy on all of their lonely faces; it was almost like a rubber band stretched too tight.

The soldier sat down beside the little man with the big head, and looked all around, like the others. But he was looking for something definite; not just the smile of a stranger. He was restless; searching for someone definite; waiting for someone to come. He gave all of them at the counter a skimming glance as though they were nothing, and then turned his back on them to watch the door.

The pert waitress came sailing past just then and glanced into the little man's plate. "Eat all of your spinach, there," she said with a wag of her head before she went on to the next one. The little man looked all around and mugged at his spinach. He swung his foot back and forth and hummed to attract attention to himself as though he were the happiest man on earth. It was because the waitress had thought enough of him to tell him to eat his spinach. Then he popped a big bite of it into his mouth and began slowly to chew it up, his eyes all the while photographing every inch of the soldier sitting back-to.

It came time for dessert and the soldier was still sitting there watching; just watching the door, now slumping a little; tired of waiting. The little man had watched the boy's back so intently that now he felt perfectly familiar with him, and when the waitress brought him his apple pie with vanilla ice cream that he had every night, he reached

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over and brought the soldier boy's cap over close to him. He beat the bill of the cap up and down on the counter to attract the fellow's attention.

The boy wheeled around as though he expected the one he was waiting for had somehow come round behind him. He looked really angry when he saw it was just a little man with a brown button-up sweater. He sighed quickly though and said, "I thought . . ."

"Don't be so impatient. She'll come." The little man said it jovially, digging into his hunk of pie. "Where you from? Stationed here long?"

The boy ignored the questions he asked. "Impatient! That's okay for *you* to say." He underscored the You so that the little man had to ask why.

The young fellow just looked at him, drew a sort of face and looked back to the door again.

The little man wanted to joke about it. He didn't know he was a little dog fooling around with a great big one. "Why me —?" the little man asked to get attention back.

"Because you got all the time in the world — so sit right there and stir your coffee."

The little man picked up his spoon and began stirring. The waitress came by and raised her eyebrows — made a face in the direction of the soldier. "What's the matter with him?"

The little man shrugged his shoulders as though it didn't make any difference. Then, after a few minutes, he realized he was still stirring his coffee and he stopped it.

It was just like the soldier had said — that's all he had to do — sit there and stir his coffee. He hadn't noticed it before, but the boy had made him self-conscious about it and he wished he would go away and let him sit there and stir it, and joke with the counter girl and listen to things people said between bites until time for the first show at the movies. That's all. Just stir his coffee and go to the movies.

The counter girl looked up at him with the same friendly smile and winked to make him feel good. The little man settled into the smile of the counter girl away from the rude back of the soldier boy and took out of his pocket some old letters and pictures and a crumpled telegram. "Ever see these?" He passed two crumply, dog-eared snapshots over to the waitress. "Them was in France in the last war. That's me there." He said the words as though he were saying them low so the soldier wouldn't hear him.

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The waitress looked at them quickly but intently, as though she were really interested. "That you?"

"Yeh, that's me — eh — right there."

He looked at the pictures again, whistling quietly to himself in a tuneless, irritating way, pretending it to be all to himself. There was a curious naïve exhibitionism in the little man — tuneless and irritating like his breathy whistling, self-conscious and jaunty. You see it lots of times in people who are all alone. You feel sorry for them, but they annoy you. They wisecrack a lot and they mope easy. That's the way they are.

The soldier stood up, started to look around for another place to sit down. The little man reached over and pulled his sleeve. "There she is, ain't she?"

The soldier looked quickly toward the door. There she was, sure enough. Before he started toward her, he looked around and stared the presumptuous little man straight in the face. The face was half-hurt and half-triumphant. "There she is."

It was almost as though she had brought someone with her — the little man's being at his elbow pointing her out. The edge was off this piercing quick moment of at last.

II

The little man was watching when they said their first sigh of hello to each other. He watched right into their faces as he'd watched into the plates of the people at the counter.

"I'm starved," the girl finally said, looking gratefully at the counter, and the soldier followed her back there, irritably ignoring the little man.

The waitress was anxious to bring everything in a hurry and the boy smiled when she said, "Oh, she's got here at last, eh? Well, here's your supper — now — everybody happy?" The little man looked over at them and clicked his tongue against the side of his mouth. "That's the stuff," he said wisely to the soldier's young girl, "eat your supper — she'll take good care o' you," he said, nodding at the bright-garbed waitress, "she's been takin' care o' me a good many years."

The soldier edged himself between his girl and the man; cut him off with his broad back.

"You found anything?" the girl asked tenderly between bites. Her fingers had round little nails like a high school girl's, and she smelled of talcum powder.

"The town's pretty crowded, but I got a two-room place. We'll have

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to share a bath with another couple. They're young, too, so. . . ."

The little man beat on the counter and the waitress went over to him and took his glass of water so he could take his after-eating pill.

The soldier didn't want to say any more now, but the girl pulled his sleeve, excited. "Where is it?"

He laughed. "Now wouldn't you just know exactly where it was if I gave you street and number! Where's your things? Left them at the bus station?"

She nodded and they both giggled and laughed and then ate solidly. He finished his first, almost without stopping to breathe. He pushed his plate back to wait for her, rolling his spoon backward and forward on the counter. The girl looked up and laughed into his eyes and went on eating. He was feeling very thoughtful to himself, but whenever she looked up, he threw on a careless grin and tossed his head at her.

"You looking for a room?" the man with the big head said to him as soon as his head canted in that direction.

"No." The soldier answered curtly.

"Why we are too, Harry." The girl looked up at him in rebuke for being so rude. She smiled at the man and he very nearly bounced.

"There's a good roomin' house there on Union Street — number thirty-four. Thought if you wasn't much acquainted around . . ."

"We don't want any rooming house. We want an apartment or a house of our own."

"A house! Why God, boy — you're stationed out here ain't y'? You're apt t' be pullin' out o' here any day. Then what'd you be doin' with a house! Get yourself a nice clean room 'n you can pull out any time on a day's notice. You don't want no house."

The soldier looked around at the girl, to see if she was finished with her fried scallops. No, she wasn't. The man saw she wasn't, too. "You kids don't want no house to worry 'bout."

"I happen to want a house," the soldier said, standing up, impatiently waiting for the girl to gulp her scallops. She looked up at him with her mouth full. The soldier looked at her and at the man, sitting now over next to her, like a conspiracy. He felt irritated with them both: her mouth full of scallops and his nudging at the elbow. He thought back to the moment he'd walked spruce and new into the restaurant. He felt now as though he'd been shaking a feather bed — not spruce any

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more — all full of lint — all limp.

"C'mon." He waved his head toward the door. "C'mon, Alice."

The man watched her eating her last bites. "You take my advice. Don't get yourself wound up with no house. Get a good clean room that you can walk out of on a day's notice. You don't want nothin' t' tie you down."

They both hurried out of the restaurant.

"What's the matter, Harry?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Well, maybe he's right. You know you're apt to be sent away any day. And like he says, we could get out of a room on a day's notice."

"A day's notice! That's just what th' hell I don't want. Don't you understand either? I thought you did before. I thought that was why you came down here. But now a stranger drinking a cup of coffee at your elbow can change your mind all around. I don't want something I can pull out of in a hurry. I want something that's down there like bricks. Something I know's there. I heard him tellin' it. He was in the last war. He takes pills for something — I don't know what, but I saw him taking them. Yeh. He's got a room some place. I bet you a dollar he has. I bet you a dollar he's had something he could pull out of on a minute's notice ever since he was a fellow like me in them uniforms with skinny leggins. But that's not going to be me. Not sitting at a counter tickled to death because some counter girl tells me to eat my spinach and sleeping in a rooming house with somebody else's dust in the rugs. Nossir, that's not going to be me."

The girl's practical little face was puzzled, but her eyes were wet. "I know what you mean, Harry, and I want it too, but it's not very practical."

He drew her up tight to him as they walked along, looking into the shop windows. He slowed up past a big display of kitchen utensils. "I like riced potatoes. We ought to get a ricer." And he stopped to look at an electric steamer. "We ought to have one of them. It saves all the vitamins.

"See?" he said, after they'd passed all the windows and were on a quiet street with the lights going out. "You see what I mean?"

Her eyes had little wetnesses in them, her face was still a practical face, and his hand held her hand very tightly.

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MUST AMERICA GO HUNGRY?

By James Staniford

The United States has the greatest food producing plant in the world. In spite of it, however, Americans face hunger and all that the word implies — malnutrition, bent and ill-formed bodies, increased susceptibility to various types of physical ailments, and a lack of stamina and staying power. More than that, we can lose the war because of an inadequate supply of food for ourselves and our heroic comrades-in-arms. Certainly we stand a chance of losing the peace for the same reason.

These are startling statements and open the writer to charges of alarmism. No such charges can possibly come from anyone who knows the low-down facts on the American agricultural picture. The statements are made in the most sober spirit on the basis of a careful study of the present food situation and of the attitude of the government and the people toward the whole question. They are made with the frank intention of arousing public opinion and prodding officials to take immediate preventive steps.

These are the salient facts brought out by the study:

1. Americans consider themselves the world's best-fed people, but the United States entered the war with a diet which for the nation as a whole was below accepted minimum nutritional standards. A report by the Bureau of Home Economics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, in 1941, stated that scarcely one family in four had a diet that measured up to a satisfactory level. The Bureau said this deficiency was reflected in an "appalling amount of disability." The army has found it necessary to reject a shockingly large number of young men because of physical defects arising from nutritional deficiencies. Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard, in his 1941 report to President Roosevelt, said that 50 per cent more milk, 12 per cent more eggs, 33 per cent more tomatoes, citrus fruits, and other vitamin C products, and 80 per cent more leafy, green and yellow vegetables would have been needed to provide every American

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with a satisfactory diet. It is important that one keep in mind this picture of the 1941 food supply because it offers a standard by which shortages of the war years may be measured.

2. The supply of food available for civilians in 1942 — our first year of war — was smaller than in 1941, when, as pointed out above, there was a marked nutritional deficiency. This reduction in civilian supplies was due principally to heavy overseas shipments to Great Britain, Russia, and other fighting foes of the Axis powers, and to the expanding needs of this country's armed forces. Men drawn into the armed services usually consume more food than they do in civilian life. The shift of millions to uniform increases over-all food requirements.

3. Deplorable as it may be, the civilian supply will be even smaller in 1943 and for two reasons: first, military and lend-lease requirements will be larger and, secondly, production in all probability will be smaller. The Department of Agriculture reported very recently that military and lend-lease buying in 1943 was expected to be 50 per cent greater than last year. It estimated government purchases would take a fifth of this country's "current" agricultural production. If 1943 production goes down — and few in a position to know expect it to reach 1942 totals — government requirements would take more than a fifth.

The United States thus enters its second year of the war with a declining food supply and an expanding demand. At the start of the conflict the Department of Agriculture assured the public that there would be plenty of food. Now it concedes that there are shortages, but insists that no one need go hungry. It lists present and prospective shortages as meats, milk, butter, cheese, cooking fats and vegetable oils, canned fruits and vegetables, fresh vegetables, and, of course, sugar and coffee. Eggs may be added to the list before next fall. By November 1942, the supply of butter had fallen to the lowest level for that time of year since 1932. Stocks probably will be exhausted early this year. The country will then be reduced to current production which, except in the flush spring and summer milk producing seasons, is insufficient to meet domestic demands, let alone lend-lease requirements. Because milk production is not keeping pace with needs, the government is considering plans to reduce the butterfat content of fluid milk distributed among consumers.

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It has prohibited the sale of whipping cream. The manufacture of ice cream also may be curtailed. Cheese supplies available to civilians will be reduced considerably because the government is taking steps to set aside 54 per cent of the production for military and lend-lease needs.

The 1943 supply of cooking fats and vegetable oils (excluding butter) may be short of civilian demands by as much as five pounds per person, or the equivalent of a seventh of the per capita consumption in 1941. This estimate is based upon the assumption that production of domestic vegetable oil crops — soybeans and peanuts — can be maintained at the record 1942 level. The importance of ample supplies of fats and oils cannot be overemphasized. It was a shortage of these products that contributed greatly to the break in the spirit of the German home front in 1918 and the final collapse of the German army shortly thereafter.

Fish is a good substitute for meat, but the Department of Agriculture predicts that the civilian supply will be smaller in 1943 than last year, when the amount available was about 25 per cent less than in 1941. Factors contributing to this decline are wartime restrictions on navigation and a shift of fishermen to other lines of work. The Department says that shipping demands this year to move troops and war materials to fighting fronts will result in a further curtailment of imports of sugar and coffee. Only in the case of cereals and dry beans are supplies of basic foods ample for many months to come.

II

This picture of the 1943 food outlook is, if anything, optimistic. It is based upon hopes of officials of the Department of Agriculture that production can be maintained at the 1942 level. A realistic analysis does not support those hopes.

Agriculture is faced with a critical shortage of manpower. It has lost about three million workers since the defense program started in 1940. In 1942 alone, it lost more than a million to war industries and military enlistments and an additional six hundred thousand to the selective service for the army. These men were among agriculture's most skilled workers.

Places of the lost men are being filled insofar as it is possible by women, older men, and children. A recent Agriculture Department survey revealed that nearly 60 per cent of the workers were children

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under fourteen years of age, women, and men over fifty-four. Naturally such workers cannot produce as much as the young and middle-aged men. The Department further reports a serious shortage of experienced year-around hands, qualified to handle farm machinery, and seasonal workers with specialized skills. Milkers, tractor drivers, sheep herders, shearers, and cow hands have become very scarce.

Surveys show that the migration from farms has been the greatest from areas of high levels of crop and livestock production and in which young people have had superior educational opportunities. These young people were quick to seize better paying jobs in war industries. This loss of skilled workers is being reflected in curtailed farming operations all over the country. In the middle-western livestock region, large numbers of dairy cows are being sold for slaughter because farmers are short of capable help. Likewise, beef cattle feeders are not fattening as many head as they could if they had more help. In the southwestern plains and Rocky Mountain range land areas, farmers are reducing beef cattle breeding operations because of labor shortages.

This curtailment will be felt in reduced supplies of beef in 1944. In its November 1942 crop report, the Agriculture Department had this to say about operations in the midwestern dairy belt:

> Despite relatively good late fall pastures and ample supplies of winter feed, farmers have been inclined to milk fewer cows in their herds. Since the seasonal downturn in July, the percentage of cows being milked has been declining faster than normal; and in the past two months the drop has been especially sharp. It appears that good beef prices and shortages of adequate help are encouraging farmers to let calves suck and to dry up cows more quickly than usual.

This decline in the labor supply has greatly increased the demand for farm machinery. Yet fewer machines will be available. The War Production Board will allow implement makers to manufacture only 20 per cent as much machinery as they turned out in 1940 and less than a third of the 1942 supply. This drastic reduction, against which Secretary Wickard fought, has made rationing necessary. Only the most pressing demands can be filled.

Then there is the weather. Agriculture has not had a bad year since the severe drought of 1936. By the law of averages a poor year is not unlikely. The abnormally fine weather of 1942 contributed to crop yields averaging 13 per cent

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above previous records and 36 per cent above the favorable 1923–32 period. If 1942 had been no better than average, the country would at this moment be confronted by critical shortages of livestock feed, vegetable oil crops, milk, potatoes, and vegetables.

American agriculture farms on rubber. More than a million trucks are now being used in food and crop production. Farm trucks are generally older than commercial vehicles and will be in greater need of parts, repairs, and tires. Yet these will be difficult to obtain. The Agriculture Department reported recently that it expected a considerable proportion of farm trucks to cease operation altogether by the end of 1943. This would come at the very time that the nation's railroads were burdened with industrial production and troops. The production and marketing of farm products would suffer.

Taking all these factors into consideration there is not much room for hope that 1943 production will match last year's. If it doesn't there will be hunger in 1944.

III

Why has the nation's food situation been allowed to sink to this dangerous state? Here's the answer: Officials in high and controlling positions in the government at Washington have failed to understand the value of food as a weapon of war. As a consequence they did not give it a proper place in the war production program. From President Roosevelt down, they had become so used to thinking in terms of farm surpluses that they could not, it seems, conceive of possible shortages. Much of this Administration's first two terms was devoted to problems dealing with so-called surpluses. There were, of course, no food surpluses. Instead, there was underconsumption. Millions went hungry because they did not have sufficient buying power. Crops accumulated because people who needed them could not buy them.

Because the nation has never had a serious food shortage an attitude of complacency prevailed and still prevails both in official circles and among the people.

The government, in its war planning, has all but ignored agriculture. It has forced farmers to compete in a short labor market against the army and industries loaded with fat, cost-plus war contracts. The farmer could not and cannot compete. In the matter of dealing out strategic materials agriculture

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has been treated as a stepchild. It needs twice as much farm machinery as the government has allowed for 1943. It is not being allotted sufficient tires and repairs to keep its trucks in operation. Food processors have been denied needed equipment, particularly for turning out dehydrated fruits and vegetables and for drying milk. Little effort has been made to put into human food consumption channels millions of pounds of skim milk that farmers feed to livestock every week because they have no available market.

The government's policy makers have utterly failed to grasp the role of food in modern, all-out war. Modern war strategy, with its emphasis on the large-scale use of highly-mechanized weapons, requires the utmost efficiency and physical and mental alertness, of the armed forces and of the workers on the home front. A warring nation's food problem is therefore not the maintenance of a bare subsistence level, but a diet safeguarding the striking power of the army and the efficiency of the working population.

Germany lost the first World War because those in charge of food production planning and of food distribution did not understand the value of food as a weapon. They carried on with the traditional concept derived from previous wars — wars fought without today's mechanized equipment — that the civilian population should merely be protected from starvation and that an army marches on its stomach. This idea is held by many officials in the military and industry-dominated war production command in Washington.

Secretary Wickard, about the only top-ranking official to understand the value of food in the present struggle, has remonstrated. But he has had little success in making others understand. For one thing, he has not had the ear of the President. For another, he arrived at his understanding rather late. As late as a year ago, in a report to the President, he said rationing and substitution were unlikely, that scarcity was avoidable if the country utilized effectively its scientific knowledge and its facilities for production. "There must be no hunger, obvious or hidden," he said, "if the American people are to have the mettle required to make democracy live."

Unfortunately, having evoked Mr. Roosevelt's displeasure by a stand he took on farm price control legislation when it was before Congress last spring, Mr. Wickard is reluctant now to speak out.

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Administration action in making farmers the goat in its fight for price control legislation had an unfavorable effect upon agricultural output. Producers felt that they had been called upon to make unequal sacrifices compared to those asked of labor and industry. Farmers got no forty-hour week, or time and one-half for overtime. Many worked as much as eighty hours a week. They saw their hired help drained away by the army and war industries until they had to sell their cattle and machinery and let their land lie idle. Yet they heard themselves called profiteers. Disgusted, many joined their departed workers and went to work in war plants.

IV

Policies of Price Administrator Leon Henderson have, in many cases, tended to discourage farm production. Farmers are convinced that he is looking out for the interest of consumers without sufficient consideration for the producers.

As an example of the effect of his operations on production one has only to point to the very important meat animal industry. At this writing hog and beef cattle farmers are in a dither, and with just cause, over reports from Henderson's office that he plans to impose ceilings on prices of their livestock. It is not that they oppose ceilings. It is the uncertainty as to his plans to which they object. They are afraid he will set ceilings at levels which would make future operations unprofitable. This uncertainty is causing many farmers to go slow on their operations. They feel that in a time like this, when they are asked to put all their time and energy on production, they should not have to worry about and gamble on future prices. Certainly war plants are not being asked to take similar chances. They know in advance what prices they are going to get. They know also that there will be price adjustments for any increases in production costs.

Mr. Henderson's price policies affecting beef, coupled with unwise army buying operations, have caused thousands of head of beef cattle to be slaughtered at light weights when they could have been fattened to provide five hundred pounds or more of meat per head. The loss in the potential supply of meat has been millions of pounds. There will be further losses unless some action is taken to correct the situation. The government's price ceilings on beef and the army's demand for lean cattle has placed it in about the same price brackets as

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fattened cattle. But production of fattened cattle is a fairly expensive process. It requires special feeding, usually given by farmers in the midwestern corn belt to lean cattle which come off western ranges. The corn belt farmer can engage in this operation with hope of making a profit only if fattened cattle bring a fair margin over the price he must pay for the lean cattle. When the margin does not exist, the lean cattle go to slaughter lighter than they otherwise would.

Taking all these things into consideration, one cannot but agree with some straightforward remarks made very recently by Albert S. Goss, master of the National Grange, in a speech before the annual convention of this farm organization. He warned that there was grave danger of building an army larger than agriculture's reduced productive power could supply adequately. "Altogether it would appear," he said, "that if we had deliberately gone about it to destroy farm production, we could not have done much worse than we have done in developing our policies on manpower and price control."

The time has come when the public should demand that appropriate action be taken to correct the precarious food situation. This is the season of the year when farmers make plans for the coming crop. Those plans will be made on the basis of the manpower, farm machinery, and other productive facilities and price policies in existence at the time the plans are drawn. By spring it will be too late. Food production is a long-term process. One cannot turn on the spigot and expect an immediate stream of supplies.

V

What should be done? First, the government must recognize agriculture as an activity just as essential as munitions making. There is little hope, however, for a program to implement that recognition as long as the present governmental setup prevails. Too many cooks have their say about policies affecting food production. Besides the Agriculture Department, there is the War Production Board, the War Manpower Commission, the War and Navy Departments, the Board of Economic Warfare, the Office of Price Administration, the Office of Defense Transportation, and the Office of War Information. No three see alike. Because of confusion arising from this multiple authority, the President is likely to appoint a food administrator to

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take over food problems before these words are in print. But an administrator would not be able to improve the situation unless food production is given its proper recognition in the allotment of manpower, machinery, and transportation facilities.

The President should appoint, as he did when the rubber problem became so confused, a committee of unbiased and well-informed civilians to make a study of food needs and recommend a food production, distribution, and consumption program. Recommendations would, of course, take into account manpower and material needs of the armed forces and war industries as well as the needs of agriculture. At the present time food policies are being determined by two biased parties — the military and the war industry. As a consequence agriculture's manpower and material needs are being judged and determined by agriculture's competitors for those things.

A proper food program would do much more than is being done now to help the nation's two million low-income and under-productive farm families increase their output of food. These families live on marginal land or on farms that are too small to enable their operators to make full and efficient use of their time and energy. Many of these families could produce much more if they had additional machinery, or dairy cows, or poultry. Others need larger tracts. Some need better land. These families could be helped by means of loans. The Agriculture Department has the authority to make such loans, but it does not have sufficient money to help very many.

The food program should spell out farm price ceilings so that farmers may know in advance of production that there will be no action to force down prices. Likewise, the program should set definite minimum prices so that farmers may be spared worry over possible losses. If it is proper to protect the consumer against excessive food prices, it is proper and right that the farmer be protected against excessively low prices. The food program should provide for immediate rationing of all scarce foods to prevent further hoarding. In order to assure agriculture sufficient manpower, the government should require local draft boards to defer farm workers. Recommendations to this effect have been made, but many boards, faced with the necessity of meeting quotas, have ignored them. Future deferments would not, of course, plug existing labor gaps. Steps should be taken

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to start a movement of non-draftable workers from cities to farms. Better farm wages might help. It might require higher farm prices to bring about a boost in farm wages. Or labor subsidies might do the job.

These are just a few suggestions. Some of them are likely to be put into effect soon. Other things could be done. It is imperative that food production be maintained at as high a level as possible, for the future of civilization is bound up in the success of our efforts to produce more of the vital foods — rich, nourishing food that will keep up the strength and insure the efficiency of democracy's fighting men and civilians.

"You remember Mr. Galbraith from the apartment downstairs, dear. He was here during the Liberty Loan drive."

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THE THEATRE

By George Jean Nathan

Yes, We Have Some Bananas

Another Casualty. — Tottering and bleeding, drama criticism emerges as yet another victim of the war. While it can still get on its legs in the presence of a farce, a vaudeville show, a musical comedy or even, in certain instances, some play that has no concern with immediate events, it falls flat on its face when asked to contemplate any exhibit that deals with the current world struggle. The veteran of a thousand peaces has cracked with the boom of the first gun.

The noble old fellow's wounds were first observable some three years ago and now cover his entire body. And they drip anew and mortally on the occasion of almost any play that has to do with us or our allies in arms. Patriotism then triumphs over the once analytical old fox and, try as he will, he can come out only a bad second. For one critic who can't see just how a mediocre play is arbitrarily converted into a good one simply because its theme is soothing to the national or allied sensibilities there are a dozen who seem to be able to see it with their eyes closed.

It isn't, true enough, that all these plays of war are invariably praised as masterpieces. A number are not. But even where criticism manages heroically to retain a little of its old poise, its grievous injuries are still discernible. In evidence whereof, I set down literally six sample comments on the plays in point culled from the present New York practitioners of the craft of Aristotle:

1. No one whose heart is burdened by the human misery of a cruel war can face Mr. Anderson's play with equanimity. After the war it may be possible to have a detached point of view about *The Eve of St. Mark*. There is, in short, some ham in it. But as things stand in the world today no one is prepared to cavil at (such) minor details.

2. It is easy to forgive the grave faults of Mr. Williams' *The Morning Star* in view of the bravery of our English brothers which it so sympathetically pictures. The mind may say no, but the heart proclaims a loud yes.

3. The matchless heroism of our British allies makes Lesley Storm's *Heart of a City* what it is: a play deserving of the plaudits of criticism. Who would dwell on dramatic defects when moved by such a theme?

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4. The nobility of Mr. Steinbeck's drama, *The Moon Is Down*, comes from the fact that he demonstrates, however now and again faultily in a dramaturgical sense, that the Nazis are in the end doomed.

5. In *Watch On the Rhine*, Miss Hellman evokes the high admiration of criticism with her sympathetic delineation of the anti-Nazi underground movement in Germany. Her theme is hard to resist.

6. Mr. Sherwood's *There Shall Be No Night* preaches the folly of unpreparedness. What more, in these days, can one demand of a play?

There are scores of other such examples of what once was dramatic criticism. The craft seems to be in sore need of the ministrations of the Red Cross.

* * *

Decline of Polite Comedy. — Such recent productions as the John Van Druten-Lloyd Morris indifferent *The Damask Cheek* and the Philip Barry wholly vapid *Without Love* again bring home the fact that in late years American light comedy has declined from its high even more than B. & O. common, H. G. Wells and the Bluepoint oyster. Van Druten (he has lived over here for years, has taken out citizenship papers, and so may be regarded as an American), while still indicating skill has not negotiated anything in seasons to equal his early *Young Woodley* and *There's Always Juliet*. Barry has gone off precipitantly since the days of his *Paris Bound*, *Holiday* and somewhat later *The Animal Kingdom*. And Behrman, the most adroit of the lot, has not done anything that has come anywhere near his *Rain from Heaven*, produced in 1934. His present *The Pirate*, which scarcely comes under the nobby heading of polite comedy, is good Lunt and Fontanne and hence very good box-office, but no credit to his old standing.

As for the others, Rachel Crothers, never of much consequence, has since not touched even her *Let Us Be Gay* and *As Husbands Go*, done in 1929 and 1931 respectively. A. E. Thomas, after *No More Ladies* in 1934, has critically disappeared. Paul Osborn did a nice job in *The Vinegar Tree* and a fairish one in *Oliver, Oliver* a decade or more ago and has latterly gone off in other dramatic directions with minor accomplishment. Arthur Richman, who began promisingly, has done little worthy of note since *The Awful Truth* in 1922. Vincent Lawrence, with all indications of a fine talent, wrote two or three intelligently amusing polite comedies, went to Hollywood and, like so many others, died there. After her *The Marriage Game*, produced many years ago, Anne Crawford Flexner faded into noth-

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ingness. Lynn Starling, who began with *Meet the Wife*, subsequently confected several lesser comedies and then went down the Hollywood chute. Donald Ogden Stewart, author of the entertaining *Rebound* in 1929, ditto.

Aside from some of these obvious cases and regarding only the better writers who have persisted in the polite comedy field, what may be the reasons for the collapse, either complete or comparative? The first that comes to mind is the war and the upset state of the world, allegedly hardly conducive to the writing of such comedy. But recollection proves the reason hollow. During the last world war there came from both America and England a plenitude of sufficiently deft light comedies, including among others Alfred Sutro's *The Clever Ones* and *The Two Virtues*, Monckton Hoffe's *Things We'd Like to Know*, the Smith-Mapes *The Boomerang*, the Ditrichstein-Hatton *The Great Lover*, W. S. Maugham's *Caroline* and *Our Betters*, Clare Kummer's *Good Gracious*, *Annabelle* and *A Successful Calamity*, and the Harwood-Jesse *Billeted*. Also Haddon Chambers' *The Saving Grace*, William Hurlbut's *Romance and Arabella*, Jesse Lynch Williams' *Why Marry?*, Milne's *Belinda*, Maugham's *Too Many Husbands*, *Love In a Cottage* and *Caesar's Wife*, Arnold Bennett's *The Title*, Kummer's *Be Calm, Camilla*, Cyril Harcourt's *A Pair of Petticoats*, and Gladys Unger's *Our Mr. Hepplewhite*. So war and the upset state of a world don't seem to be exactly the answer.

A second commonly heard argument is that our America is not, and never was, possessed of the right social background and tone for the comedy of manners. That it may not have been in the past is more than possible, although out of it even then emerged such commendable exhibits as Langdon Mitchell's *The New York Idea*, Clyde Fitch's *The Truth*, and various others. But that it has in later years been at least the equal of England in that respect should be more or less evident. This largely and paradoxically has been brought about by the English themselves, who for the past twenty years have flooded the American metropolitan social scene and become, to a considerable extent, part and parcel of it, often — if rumor be true — chiefly parcel. Thus, more and more, what with economic conditions in England what they have been, with manifold British-American intermarriages, and with similar phenomena of time, New

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York gradually grew to be the capital of gay society where things came to such a pass that one could no longer familiarly throw a champagne bottle across the room without hitting at least a couple of Lords, three Dukes and several Ladies, not to mention divers French and Italian counts, Rumanian princesses, Russian grand-dukes, and maybe a Greek or Spanish royalty or two. And the scene, accordingly, became so much meat for comedy of the Maugham *Our Betters*, Lonsdale *The Last of Mrs. Cheney* and even general Haddon Chambers-Hubert Henry Davies species. So that doesn't seem to be exactly the answer either.

Then what is the answer? I answer the question simply and confidently. I don't know.

* * *

Fantasy. — Fantasy may be superficially described as being weak serious drama filtered through a poetic imagination into beauty. The definition, however, does not fit the Ketti Frings-Robert Ayre *Mr. Sycamore* by a long shot. In this case, all we get is a fantastic idea, to wit, a postman who takes a cue from the Philemon and Baucis legend and turns himself into a tree in order to get away from crowding humanity, filtered through a prosy imagination into woefully weak comedy. Fantasy consists in something more than a mere initial extravagant conceit. It is the quasi-realistic conversion of such a conceit into wonder and charm and loveliness and ache and laughter and commiseration through the wonder and charm and loveliness and ache and laughter and commiseration of a literate and whimsical mind.

* * *

Theft Note. — There hasn't been a good revue title hereabout since Ed Wynn offered us *Boys and Girls Together*. Such recent ones as *Laugh, Town, Laugh*, *Keep 'em Laughing*, *Of V We Sing*, and *Priorities of 1943* are enough to discourage even the most avid seeker after amusement. Since invention seems to be lacking, I suggest that producers cabbage a likely one used some twenty-seven years ago by the Messrs. Stuart and Cliff for a revue produced in England. As no one remembers it, the producers can pass it off as original. The title: *It'll Tickle.*

* * *

Alt Wien. — It is hardly news in this day that whether it be called *Die Fledermaus*, *The Bat*, *One Wonderful Night*, *The Merry Countess*, *Night Birds*, *Champagne Sec*, *Rosalinda* or whatever else, the

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libretto of the operetta afflicts Strauss' grand score with the pox. It was, in point of fact, hardly news when it was first uncovered and duly gagged at 'way back in 1874. If the tale of the philandering husband who goes to a ball and there encounters his wife in a two-inch mask and, not recognizing her, makes loving overtures to her, to say nothing of embarrassed obligatos to her maid who is also present under false colors — if the tale was stuporous nigh seventy years ago, its deficiency in enormous dynamic power may be understood in the present era. Worse, when the libretto, as in the current *Rosalinda* production, is treated to acting that seems persistently to be beset by the conviction that high Alt Wien spirits are best to be interpreted by comportment indistinguishable from a number of chamois frisking with an equal number of kangaroos, that deficiency becomes doubly apparent. There are times during the evening, indeed, when one can't be sure that what one is watching isn't a mixed troupe of high divers and flying trapeze artists.

The stage is unfortunately also gravelled in other directions and is only in the Strauss spirit when director Felix Brentano steps aside and permits George Balanchine to take over with the ballet that brilliantly concludes the second act.

This Mr. Brentano appears to be infected with some peculiar ideas, one of which he shares with most directors of the musical stage. I allude to drunks. Whereas on the dramatic stage a gentleman in his cups is generally presented as bearing some slight resemblance to a gentleman in his cups, on the musical he is invariably pictured as an unrecognizable cross between an adagio dancer and a case of Parkinson's disease, with overtones of the late William Jennings Bryan on one of his good days. A portion of the second act, laid in Prince Orlofsky's ballroom, and a larger portion of the third, laid in the warden's office at the jail on the following morning, consequently offer the appearance less of ladies and gentlemen of old Vienna who have looked upon the champagne when it was amber than of a crowd of current 52nd Street boulevardiers full of wood alcohol.

There is also the matter of legs. Whoever selected many of the ladies, the dancers foremost among them, must have a mother who in childbirth was not scared by a grand piano.

But if the physical stage on the whole suggests considerably less the

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romantic Vienna of yesterday than a Broadway night club of today, the Strauss score led by Erich Korngold and amplified by the interpolation from other Strauss sources of *Wiener Wald*, *Wein, Weib und Gesang*, etc. — and in the main ably sung — makes more than sufficient amends. But I can only pray that the next time the eminently worthy sponsors of the New Opera Company produce the operetta they will have the orchestra play it and the singers sing it with the curtain down. Or at least not raise it until the second act waltz ballet and then again promptly drop it.

* * *

Critical Redefinition. — Two terms commonly employed by journalistic drama criticism call for clarification, to wit, *imagination* and *originality*. Both are indiscriminately held to be synonymous with virtue, yet close scrutiny proves that often they are not. Some of the best plays are lacking in such "imagination," as some of the worst are full of it. And so, too, in the case of such "originality." There is no more imagination, in the accepted critical use of the word, in some such relatively worthy play as, say, Brieux's *The Red Robe* than in some such unworthy one as, for example, Brieux's *The Woman on Her Own*. There is, in all truth, more of this so-called imagination in a rubbishy play like Davis' reincarnation nonesuch, *The Ladder*, than in an upright play like Ibsen's *A Doll's House*. As for originality, there is surely far more in a mystery and detective play like *The Bat* than in a considerably greater contribution to dramatic art like Sudermann's thematically and basically stale *Honor*.

Imagination, it seems, is too often critically identified with a fancy flight into space, however meaningless, whereas the greater imagination frequently exercises itself with its feet firmly planted on the ground, as witness, in the first instance, Albert Bein's mediocre *Heavenly Express* and, in the second, Hauptmann's *The Weavers*. Originality, it also seems, is too often identified less with treatment than with first use of theme and a second-rate play like Yeats' *Deirdre* consequently accorded the compliment and a first-rate subsequent one like Synge's *Deirdre of the Sorrows* arbitrarily deprived of it.

That Thornton Wilder's newest offering, *The Skin of Our Teeth*, has both imagination and originality in the above accepted sense is freely to be granted. Its scheme of showing mankind's struggle for certainty and security down the

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ages through anachronisms visited upon the present is both novel and fanciful. But, though it has scenes of humor and pathos that get their effect, it is emphatically not the kind of play that results from imagination and originality in the higher and purer sense.

WIND INFERTILE

By George Abbe

Wind that burns and beats and burrows,
Underneath thy burning side
Curls the yarrow's white in furrows,
Nestles light in golden tide.

In thy passion cries the cedar,
Twists the empty stream with pain;
Meadow blower, pollen breeder,
Softener of soil with rain.

Crouched behind the hounds of thunder,
Bursting over, clouds aswarm,
Flail and whip and limbs that blunder,
Levelling the earth to storm,

Past the thinnest red of dying,
Past the last translucent water,
Comes from darkened west thy sighing —
Empty still of son or daughter,

Barren giver of all motion,
Turner of the leaves to light,
Still more lonely than the ocean,
Rest thy fruitless heat in night.

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DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

The Mind of the Wild

Recurrently, in the woods chronicles and sky chronicles and water chronicles that occupy this section of The American Mercury, there has been concern to show that the characteristic behavior patterns of pre-human and sub-human lives are determined and fixed by instinct, and are not resultant from private processes of mentation and decision in the individual. There has been concern to show something of how instinct works: how an instinctive act is compounded of reflexes and tropisms, and how thus the flight of the hawk-moth to the white blossom of the phlox is no more a conscious action than the phlox blossom's own phototropic striving toward the sun, and how even the behaviors of far higher animals than

Raccoon Trapped — *Frank Utpatel*

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hawk-moths may be products of impulsions quite as unreasoned and imperative.

The gray squirrel, burying hickory nuts in October, has not taken forethought; he has but responded, almost as will-lessly as a plant to rain, to the stimulus of a certain temperature and a certain hickory smell. He has done the thing that all squirrels do; to do it is inalienable from his squirrelhood; even in the earthless cage in the laboratory he must make the useless motions of burying his trove. The chick of the wild game-bird must crouch when it hears the hawk; the cecropia caterpillar must spin its silk cocoon upon a walnut twig in season; the spawning salmon must swim upstream as surely and as subrationally as the water of the stream must flow downhill. The raccoon washing freshly caught mussels before eating them . . . the killdeer feigning a broken wing and drawing attention from the pebbly nest . . . the opossum pretending death . . . the delicate tree root groping its dark downward way around an impeding stone — all are similarly driven and compelled. When the great bird flocks fly southward in the autumn of the year, there is no single individual amongst all those myriads that can decide, as a man in a moment of prankish fancy might, that this year it will fly north.

Thus far, the interpretation of animal behavior patterns as instinctive, involuntary, neurochemical, can scarcely draw dispute. It is as plain to the down-to-earth eye of a naturalist that animals' central life rituals are enforced and organic, as it is plain to the up-to-heaven eye of a theological philosopher that the beasts of the field are forwarded through their intricate destinies by no mere private decidings, but by a much older and deeper and stranger lore which Thomas Aquinas admirably called "animal prudence." A squirrel is made wise not by thinking. A woodchuck prospers by no cerebration. The animals, in their flockings and matings, in their feedings and wakings and sleepings, in all the major patterns of their lives, are not individually wise, but are simply caught up, unresistingly as diatoms or clouds or floating pine seeds, in the general wisdom which anciently infects the world. A scientist may accurately say, if the idiom please him, that God marks the fall of the sparrow. He must certainly say that the sparrow's fall — and its nest-building and its mating and its migrating and its particular choppy air-gait — are

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not of its own deciding or devising.

So far, there can be small dispute. A Lloyd Morgan, talking of chemotropisms and scioptic reactions, and a Bishop Berkeley, talking of the indwelling of God, need not quarrel. The fixed behavior-patterns of an animal, however, are only a part of its life. The time and direction of its migrating may be fixed for it. The texture of the nest, and the way of assembling it, may be outside its decision. Perhaps it has no choosing as to what it shall eat, or when it shall copulate, or whether it can swim. But outside this skeletal pattern of its life, arranged for it willy-nilly by its inheritance of protoplasm or the rulership of Providence, there is the vast area of its changing and flexible daily life: the problems it must meet, the adaptations it must make to altering circumstances, the means it must use toward ends.

Shall it be said that in all this, too, the animal is without intelligence? Is it "instinct" — that pattern of hereditary reflexes and unlearned drives — when an oriole, building its nest on the swaying pendent twig-tip of a willow, builds a deeper structure than it would build on the firmer and more wind-resistant twig of a hickory? Is nothing more than preconscious reflexiveness at work when a raccoon, caught by the leg in a steel trap in the winter woods, gnaws off the imprisoned leg and frees itself? Conceding that the beaver is instinctively a tree-gnawer and instinctively a dam-builder, can it be insisted that there is no calculation involved, no thoughtful reckoning evidenced, when a beaver selects a birch of precisely the correct height, gnaws it at precisely the right point, and so fells it that it lies exactly athwart the chosen site of a dam?

These are kinds of questions that present themselves insistently to every woods watcher. They are three questions, specifically, that have lately been raised by correspondents. Let it be granted (say these three different writers, in similar substance) that animals' species behaviors are innate and unrational, as the articles in *Down to Earth* have always represented. But the countless behaviors that evidently lie outside the fixed instinct-patterns? The apparent reckonings and judgings and foresights with which animals meet their new daily problems — what guides an animal in these? Does science deny, in these performances, the activity of conscious thought, and if it does, how does it read the happenings? These are questions of which a clarification is

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essential to understanding present-day biology's viewpoint.

II

The researches of psychology in recent decades have established, upon the solid bases of laboratory and clinical experiment, two tremendous and complementary facts. The first is that animals are almost wholly without any of the powers of reflective and speculative and deductive thinking which humanly we mean when we speak of "conscious intelligence." A million mice have run a million mazes, endless raccoons have been observed in endless puzzle boxes, numberless crows have been studied under conditions of laboratory control, to make the truth indisputably clear: Animals have percepts. They do not have concepts.

The second result of modern psychological research has been to establish how huge a part is played in our own human life by factors below the level of conscious awareness and conscious thought. Our psychic life has the structure of an iceberg. The area of consciousness — the "top-head" — is indeed but an uppermost tip beneath which lies the vast submerged body of subconscious impulsions, instincts, reflexes, tropisms, pre-mental awarenesses, hereditary drives which direct the greater part of our activity as relentlessly (and as hiddenly from our conscious knowing) as our secret chemistry directs pulse and respiration and peristalsis. The conscious mind, the dim little glimmering unknown to animals, is very slight and recent. Beneath it is the enormous Older Mind: the instinctive mind, the chemical mind, the body mind, urging and informing us without our realization, as it urges and informs a lusting hawk or wolf.

For the total group of chemistries and memories and reflexes which constitute this sub-aware factor in our life, science has no name, for science is rightly concerned to break it up into its components and analyze it. But for convenience, to give it distinction from the realm of consciousness, it may usefully be given an entity name; and there is perhaps no better term than a very old phrase of the Indians. They summed up all the old body wisdoms, the blood cunnings, the subconscious drives and promptings, in a single designation: "deep-knowing."

Does science think that "deep-knowing" is sufficient explanation for the behaviors of animals? It does. Science looks at the trapped raccoon, the ingenious oriole, and

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sees no conscious intelligence at work. The raccoon is impeded, and struggles to be free; he bites and lashes at random; presently, when his leg is numbed, he chews painlessly at this focus of attention. He acts wisely, yes; but it is not a wisdom of his own. It is the organic wisdom of reflex. It is the wisdom of a cell, the wisdom of a growing seed. It is deep-knowing, not top-head knowing. Likewise, the oriole has not any need of thinking to make its apparently precautionary insurance against the wind. There is an instinct in its blood to build a pensile nest, and when the site is whipped and buffeted by breezes while the oriole is at work, the instinct is perhaps stimulated more vigorously than when the site is calm. Result: a larger nest, more deeply pensile. Sufficient cause: a deep-knowing, far down below the level of conscious forethought.

Even in the engineering of the beaver, science sees nothing not explicable in terms of spontaneous impulse, race wisdom, and the responses of sub-mind. It cites a human analogy: a man pursued by danger, coming in his flight to a crevasse, leaping the gulf and fleeing on. A mind as remote from man's as our human mind is remote from a beaver's, might observe this happening and be moved to exclaim, "What vast intelligence the man-creature must have, to be able to make this leap! What a knowledge of mathematics and physics he must have, to enable him to calculate so nicely the necessary trajectory and the exactly correct degree of muscle-tensing needed to carry him where he wants to land, and to do all this intricate calculating in a twinkling."

It would be an understandable interpretation and clearly it would be a wholly false one. Man does, indeed, have a mind that can calculate and deduce and reckon. But he does not use it when he is leaping a crevasse. He simply responds, as a total organism, to a total situation. He does not think; he acts. And the roots of his action are in "life's primordial tissue," the tissue from which conscious thinking is a farthermost and very recent outgrowth. A beaver, felling a birch, does not need to have mastered tangents, or to hold in his furry skull an intricate table of beaver logarithms. For it is not upon conscious thinking that a beaver draws. He draws on deep-knowing and it moves him as planets are also inerly moved, and sassafras leaves are impelled to grow green, and songbirds are made to sing.

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By William Y. Tindall

Literary Signposts

Alfred Kazin's *On Native Grounds*[1] is a shrewd and often brilliant survey of American prose from Howells to the WPA guide books. To Mr. Kazin, the present crisis seems an occasion to take stock of ourselves and of our immediate past. Autopsy would not be the word for the operation he performs on the body of literature and society; for although he smells out decadents and literary zombies, he is far from finding America decadent or dead. The violence of Thomas Wolfe's *O lost!* seems a guarantee of salvation. Mr. Kazin nurses hope.

His theme is the long estrangement of the American writer from American society. With the growth of capitalism after the Civil War, the artist found himself increasingly isolated and confused. Groping, nostalgic and angry, he attempted to make adjustments, but his enmity to an uncongenial society, which belied the promise of the frontier and of New England as well, resulted on the one hand in crudity or a too violent realism and on the other in frivolity or retreat. Mr. Kazin's theme is important, but the conflict between artist and society which he treats as peculiar to America is no less peculiar to Europe, hence not peculiar at all. For the past one hundred years as the prosperous prospered, artists of England and the Continent have felt as unhappy, lost, and alone as Thomas Wolfe. Shelley comes to mind, together with Rimbaud, Rilke, Yeats and Lawrence. They differ from Wolfe in that they have managed to put their unhappiness to better use.

Inspired by a desire to show the relations between society and art, Mr. Kazin wades through the years, telling the 1920's as he gets to them that they were not so original as they once supposed, but part of a long-continued movement toward realism, freedom, and eccentricity. Irreverent toward the irreverent, kindly toward the pure in heart, he rescues Howells from Mencken, Norris and Edith Wharton from neglect. Their faults are

[1] $3.75. *Reynal and Hitchcock.*

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excused by circumstances. Too short a period had elapsed, says Mr. Kazin, "between Sitting Bull and Henry James." He is sympathetic and acute in dealing with Hemingway, Lewis, Dos Passos, Fitzgerald and other lost or clear-eyed souls, but he is so severe with Cabell that the effect is that of beating a dead horse. Though I enjoy this sport, what I enjoyed more was Mr. Kazin's treatment of the Stalinist critics and the Southern esthetes of the 1930's, especially the latter. The section on John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, and other occupants of ivory towers is the severest of the book. Mr. Kazin prudently polishes critics off except, of course, for his friends and Edmund Wilson, to whose school he seems to adhere.

Simpler now in manner than he used to be, Mr. Kazin approaches a stylistic condition between that of T. S. Eliot and that of Clifton Fadiman, but he still shares the upholsterer's delight in three sentences where one would do. He can still allude, without shame, to doubtful matters like the "phases" of faces; and he is capable of saying, with an air of making sense, that "Steinbeck's world is a kind of primitivism." But he has the reviewer's ability to rip the heart out of a book and the knack of preserving his impressions in astonishing metaphors. He sees Cabell's writing, for instance, as "the Florida-boom Gothic of America's coming-of-age," and he notes "the smooth, luscious purr of Archibald MacLeish's poems, where the words lie clustered like grapes on the vine."

Happily detached by youth from the time of which he writes, he writes of our time as Mr. Eliot writes of the seventeenth century. They may not have all the evidence; but their intuitions are delicate and their images provocative. Where a scholar, lost in details, might fail to see the whole, Mr. Kazin triumphantly succeeds. He has a first-rate critical mind. He has tried to do a five-year job in two. But if we waited until we knew completely what we were talking about, few books would get written and no reviews.

II

Criticism is full of health but the condition of the novel seems desperate. Last year, as I recall, the Pulitzer Prize was not awarded because no novel was found worthy. This year the crop seems almost equally insignificant. The novel amuses through arrangements of reality. Though reality may be found in the past and in human

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character at any period, the present (and I am not forgetting Margaret Mitchell or Walter Scott) has been the field of the better novelists. When out of touch with the present, the novel is apt to become a kind of opiate.

We are accustomed to good novels. The 1920's, the golden age of the contemporary novel, gave us Sinclair Lewis, Huxley, Hemingway at his best, Virginia Woolf, Lawrence, and Joyce. The 1930's gave us Thomas Wolfe, Farrell, Evelyn Waugh, Steinbeck, Angela Thirkell, and Elizabeth Bowen, whom I consider the best living novelist. And in this period, we discovered and imported Proust, Gide, Mann, and Kafka. The 1920's, of course, could contemplate a world which was not yet too oppressive. In the 1930's, the depression attenuated the ardor for present reality and this war seems to have finished the job. Some of the realists sensibly expired as if they knew their time was up. Some, like Huxley, got religion and retired from the world or, like Mann, sought refuge in the past. Leaving their proper field to critics, journalists, and poets, most of the remaining novelists have accompanied Mann and Anthony Adverse to pleasanter regions. The novel has gone with the wind.

Most of the novels of this season seem to deal with the American Revolution, with the Civil War, or with cloaks, swords, crinolines and bustles before or slightly after these conflicts. Interesting as these times and accessories may be, they are a poor substitute for human beings. And an almost exclusive interest in such matters is a sign of social or literary sickness. If dope is what we need, we can find a superior variety in thrillers and detective stories, which have the added virtue of dealing with our own times. I, who was suckled on Hemingway and weaned on Joyce and who remain old-fashioned enough to want my novels up-to-date, turn for my dope and pleasure to spy stories like those of Helen MacInnes, detective stories like those of Michael Innes, and ghost stories like that of Dorothy Macardle. Here at least are living Nazis, authentic ghosts, and corpses which are lively in comparison with their indifferently resurrected ancestors.

These bitter and possibly unfair reflections were occasioned by my hunt through the "serious" fiction of the fall season in the hope of balancing my diet of criticism and poetry. I emerged from fictionized history, surprised, with Eudora Welty's *Robber Bridegroom*.[2] Al-

[2] $2.00. *Doubleday, Doran.*

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though it deals with the past, this novel is less history than legend or myth and consequently shares a kind of permanence with Grimm's fairy tales and *The Flying Yorkshireman*, both of which it resembles. Eudora Welty, much talked about at the moment in literary circles, is an excellent story teller. This fall she won and deserved the O. Henry Prize for short stories. *The Robber Bridegroom*, her first novel, is a fantastic tale of bandits, Indians, wicked stepmothers, maidens, and pioneers, who are innocently and remotely preoccupied with one another on the bank of the Mississippi at some timeless time long ago. Rosamond, a virgin, picking herbs in the potherb patch by the edge of the indigo field encounters a robber who steals her dress and shift. When asked if she prefers death to nakedness, she replies: "Why, sir, life is sweet, and before I would die on the point of your sword, I would go home naked any day." Before she marries the robber and he becomes a respectable merchant in New Orleans, Rosamond encounters hags, imitation Paul Bunyans, half-wits, and ineffectual Indians who wander through the dream-like forests. And there is the "anonymous mail rider" who, having propped open the jaws of an alligator with a persimmon tree, found too late that it was too late in the year to prop open the jaws of an alligator with that kind of tree.

This is all very gentle and charming. No living character intrudes; but fairy tales depend less upon character than upon atmosphere and style. Miss Welty has both. She commands a childlike, meticulous, yet earthy prose which would be appropriate for the adventures of Finn MacCool. Although her story is as American as Paul Bunyan, it reminds me of Ireland because, perhaps, the Irish also sought out or invented a legendary past and went to the rhythms of simple people in the effort to renew themselves. Now that Dreiser and Faulkner no longer please and renewal is what the novel needs, legend and simplicity may do the trick for us as they did for the Irish. Aside from this promise of renewal, Eudora Welty deserves gratitude for having written a tolerable book in a bad season.

III

Stephen Spender belongs to that set of British poets of whom Richard Aldington remarked: "England used to be a nest of sing-

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ing birds. Now it is a bed of pansies." Though a little too ready to hail Spender and other poets of the 1930's as major poets, the British can hardly be blamed. A promising generation had been lost in the war. And Spender, as *Ruins and Visions*,[8] his latest volume, shows, is good. In 1933, when he first appeared, Spender had found his excitement in the collapse of middle-class economy and, filled with leftist optimism, had taken his images from the wreckage of the depression. I was somewhat repelled at first by his solemnity and looseness. The new Spender is tighter and more final.

In these poems, written from 1934 to 1942, sour rhymes and dissonance, which set the teeth delicately on edge, and disturbing images of cancer and of "the rotting feet of factories" correspond to Spender's present feeling of instability in a "falling, falling world." His earlier hope of social reform now gone, his visions among ruins concern little but death. Some of the later poems suggest that the disorder of the world around him and certain domestic difficulties besides have driven the poet in upon himself. Jonathan Swift knew what he was talking about when he called the modern writer a spider spinning from his own bowels.

As for the war poems, they are personal, indirect, and small. Spender quietly and ironically presents what he has experienced: lying in bed while bombs drop or hearing of the death of a friend. In his preface he justifies his limitation:

> I think that there is a certain pressure of external events on poets today, making them tend to write about what is outside their own limited experience. The violence of the times we are living in, the necessity of sweeping and general and immediate action, tend to dwarf the experience of the individual, and to make his immediate environment and occupations perhaps something that he is even ashamed of. For this reason I have deliberately turned back to a kind of writing which is more personal. . . .

Spender might have written this with Mark Van Doren's latest poetry in mind. The winner of the Pulitzer Prize, fresh from triumphs in narrative verse, has also felt the impact of the war. Wanting even partial experience of it, he tried imaginatively to embrace it all. This effort drove him, in search of appropriate expression, from his familiar Connecticut manner to something far more violent. The most remarkable poem of *Our Lady Peace*[4] is "The Lacing," an elaborate discord of sense and metaphor which suggests in its

[8] $2.00. *Random House.*

[4] $.50. *New Directions.*

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enormity the strain these times impose upon a sensitive mind. The ogre of war, says Mr. Van Doren, is lacing the world into a formidable pair of stays. But there is hope even before something snaps; for as her equator is more and more narrowly constricted, the world may find poise as well as shapeliness within pressure. The war has made Mr. Van Doren expert beyond experience. No poet of our time has gone further in search of a figure.

Wallace Stevens, the poetical insurance man of Hartford, Connecticut, is the most interesting and perhaps the best poet now writing in America. Certainly he is the best craftsman. *Parts of a World*[5] resumes the sharp, capricious translation of reality which he commenced in *Harmonium* (1923) and continued in *The Man with the Blue Guitar* (1937). As always, he is nonchalant, precise, precious, and, it must be admitted, not a little decadent. His kind of poetry could come only toward the end of a poetic tradition.

Sometimes his poems are no more than delightful fooling. Usually they seem to say more than they say. Even when they appear to be philosophical, his poems are immaculate messages from keen, clean senses. In "Extracts from Addresses to the Academy of Fine Ideas," for example, and in several other poems Stevens gives the impression of systematic thinking. But, as in a dream or in a book by Mortimer Adler, it is never altogether clear what the thinking is about. Concealing his thought, if any, in indirection, nonsense, and exquisite goofiness, Stevens conveys the sensation of thinking, which for most of us is all that thinking comes to anyway.

But this much is clear: never satisfied with the real, he translates it into the rococo. As an antidote to the bestial, he sees nature in terms of art. "*Messieurs*," he exclaims. "It is an artificial world." And to prove it, he presents the simple, naked apricot, in terms of Bach, as the "well-tempered apricot." He makes the world more elegant by straining it through the parts of a superior world. Though the elegance which he undeniably achieves may seem to have no relation to the world about us, it is its opposite. It is his comment on inelegance. The world which drove Spender to contemplation of his tripes and Van Doren to extravagance raised Stevens to a refinement never encountered in Hartford. He is like Lady Lowzen who,

[5] $2.00. *Knopf.*

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in his poem, "skims the real for its unreal":

In Hydaspia by Howzen
Lived a lady, Lady Lowzen,
For whom what is was other things.

And he resembles another of his unnatural heroines, a certain Mrs. Alfred Uraguay, who once whispered in the donkey's ear, "I fear that elegance must struggle like the rest."

No less conscious of the war than Spender, Wallace Stevens refines it by the Stevens process. Poetry, he says in a note, is imagination in eternal struggle with fact. Though war drives us to fact, a poet must manage to return to what he wants fact to be. Having done so, Stevens stands alone, a dandy to the last, adjusting ruffle and cravat in a vacant lot.

CHECK LIST

NON-FICTION

COMMAND OF THE AIR, by Giulio Douhet. Translated by Dino Ferrari. $4.00. *Coward-McCann.* Douhet is to air power what Mahan is to sea power. It is a commentary on arrested development in military thinking that we have waited until the end of 1942 for a definitive American edition of this work. As far back as 1909, the Italian theorist of aerial strategy emphasized that aviation was not merely an accessory of surface forces but an independent weapon, operating in its own sphere — fighting for the command of the skies even as navies fight for command of the seas. Considerably on the technical side for the average reader, it is essential reading for military specialists and even for "armchair strategists."

FOR PERMANENT VICTORY, by Melvin M. Johnson, Jr. and Charles T. Haven. $2.50. *Morrow.* The authors argue that "America has never been ready for any war; and, as a result, has always suffered seriously." They plead for "a permanent doctrine of enforcement" which should be made a "part of our moral, spiritual, and physical constitution. . . . There can be no justice without law; there can be no law which is not by common consent; there can be no justice, no law and no order without the power of enforcement."

UNLOCKING ADVENTURE, by Charles Courtney. $2.50. *Whittlesey House.* The truly fascinating autobiography of a man who has made a world-wide reputation as a locksmith. He has opened locks for poor women and for such eminent personages as the late Sir Basil Zaharoff, the munitions king, and he has also made and opened locks for the Army, the Navy and the F.B.I. He tells his story simply, though with pardonable pride, and his book is full of strange information, such as that the average haul of a burglar is $43.22.

HOW TO WIN THE PEACE, by C. J. Hambro. $3.00. *Lippincott.* The former president of the League of Nations Assembly and of the Norwegian Parliament thinks there should be a long cooling-off period between victory and final peace after the Axis is defeated in battle, that some international federation of states plus an international court with the power of enforcement should be established, and that, perhaps most important of all, "adequate education" should be provided everywhere with the view of spreading the democratic idea. He writes out of a great experience in government and vast learning in history, politics, literature and psychology.

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ON GROWTH AND FORM, by Sir D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson. $12.50. *Macmillan.* A new, and considerably enlarged edition of the standard work on biology by the eminent Cambridge University scientist, originally published in 1917 and long out of print. In a thousand-odd, richly illustrated pages, this important and strikingly original book clearly and simply links the organic and the inorganic worlds in a cosmos wherein the same rules of mathematics underlie all forms. It demonstrates that every cell of human, animal, or plant organ or tissue, as well as every form of inanimate matter, is a "diagram of forces," revealing its mysteries in simple and familiar physical laws and mathematical equations. Written by a profound thinker who says in his introduction that "one does not come by studying living things for a lifetime to suppose that physics and chemistry can account for them all. Physical science and philosophy stand side by side, and one upholds the other," it is a brilliant demonstration of the ancient Greek saying: "The Deity always applies geometry." — EDWARD J. BING.

DUST TRACKS ON A ROAD, by Zora Neale Hurston. $3.00. *Lippincott.* The richness of Miss Hurston's life and her splendid vitality are accurately conveyed in this autobiography. A Negro girl who grew to be a noted anthropologist and a first-rate story teller in the bargain, she has something to write about and does so with remarkable insight, humor and gusto. The book's spirit of broad understanding makes it a hopeful document as well.

PREACHER'S KID, by Ladd Haystead. $2.00. *Putnam.* A somewhat fictionized autobiography by a man who was brought up in a Presbyterian parsonage in the Pacific Northwest before World War I. There are the usual stories of fights with the Irish Catholic kids, of a father who "was always sort of far away and didn't talk so anyone could understand," of a major puppy love affair, and so on. Perhaps the reason why this book doesn't impress is that the author tells what he thinks people would like to read rather than what actually happened — in its entirety.

QUEEN OF THE FLAT-TOPS, by Stanley Johnston. $3.00. *Dutton.* Mr. Johnston was the only newspaper man aboard the aircraft carrier *Lexington* when she was sunk in the Coral Sea battle. He gives the history of the ship and sketches of its personnel, and then describes in detail her last struggle. Probably no other book like this has ever before appeared in any language, certainly not in English. It is magnificently written — clear, warm and almost indescribably exciting.

MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY, by Frederic F. Van de Water. $2.50. *John Day.* Charming, philosophical essays about the animals on Mr. Van de Water's Vermont farm — four dogs, two horses, a cow and several dozens of birds. Of especial value to metropolitan people who dream of owning a farm.

THE BRITISH COLONIAL EMPIRE, by W. E. Simnett. $3.00. *Norton.* A compact, readable, popular handbook on the history, successes and disappointments of British colonial policy. Mr. Simnett is a Britisher, now representing his government in the United States, but he seems to be fairly objective in his exposition, and on occasion, in fact, is sharp in his criticisms.

SHELLS AND SHOOTING, by Willy Ley. $2.00. *Viking Press.* The science and military editor of the New York PM has here written a little encyclopedia on the arms of war from the beginning down to the present day. Mr. Ley has a gift for making complicated technical matters comprehensible to the layman, and his own clear illustrations add greatly to the value of his exposition.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR, by Winifred Kirkland. $1.75. *Macmillan.* A somewhat fictionized life of Jesus, with special emphasis upon His friendships. Very easy reading, and always in good taste.

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THE OPEN FORUM

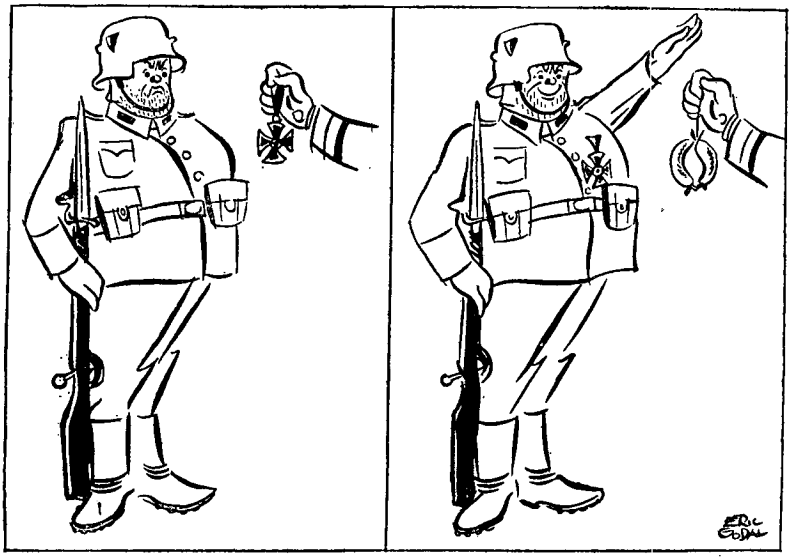
MYTHS ABOUT ACCESS TO RAW MATERIALS

SIR: In the mounting discussion of the post-war world, a formula enjoying ever greater popularity seems to be "Free access for all nations to the raw materials of the world." It is a perfect example of how impressive entirely meaningless slogans can be.

The tacit premise is that the alleged lack of "free access" has been a cause of trouble and helped produce this war. This simply is not true. The whole assumption is just a reflection of Hitlerite and pre-Hitler German laments. The lack of "free access" was a German invention. Its purpose was not to obtain more raw materials but to achieve domination over some colonies supposedly producing such materials. That so many democratic statesmen and writers have taken over the laments attests the magic-working power of German propaganda.

There has been no such lack of "free access to raw materials" in our time. Every individual or nation was able to buy any raw materials in any country — indeed, a lot more than they wanted or could use. The producers and exporters did not discriminate; their governments made no restrictions. While sobbing about lack of raw materials, Germany itself increased her imports of such products to peaks never before attained. In fact, some of the very people now campaigning for "free access" not so long ago complained about *too much* "free access." They pointed out, for instance, and quite rightly, that Japan ought not to have free access to iron or oil.

The truth is that the condition which sup-



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posedly will transform the world prevailed before the war — and did not prevent that war! True, some nations were too poor to buy much raw material. But that is an economic problem of a quite different order. While that economic limitation applied to secondary countries, it decidedly did not affect big nations like Germany, where the war originated. Thus we see that, from the angle of causing war or securing peace, the whole question is irrelevant. It is at best a question of equality of opportunity among nations; and that, after all, would have to begin with free access to industrial tools rather than raw stuffs, since only industrialized nations have any interest in the raw materials.

The main point is that it is a matter of adequate purchasing power rather than restricted access. Why confuse the two things? The problem is to raise the purchasing power of some poor nations — for instance, by removing tariffs which prevent them from selling their goods. But let us not speak of locked warehouses when we mean empty pockets. No amount of "free access" will lead to an economic equilibrium.

The vague slogan, however, helps to conceal some troubling realities. If you ponder the matter, you will discover that raw materials are located, in the main, not in colonial areas like Malaya and Burma, but in such well-defined states as the United States, Russia, Sweden, England, Germany, etc. To substitute the new kind of "free access" for the old would require the pooling and denationalizing of the output of such countries, as well as subjecting them to super-management. Who is prepared to accept this, without any useful purpose? It would be quixotic and vain. So it seems best to stop mouthing the meaningless slogan. There was no closed door against purchasers of any materials in any areas before the war. Its distribution depended on factors quite other than the right of access.

The tendency to accept many of the much repeated claims of German propaganda at face value is dangerous.

LEOPOLD SCHWARZSCHILD

New York City.

A SOLDIER ON SEX

SIR: Because I am a soldier, what I have to say here is strictly *nom-de-plume*.

I have read with interest "Sex in Boom Towns" by Irwin Ross. It seems to me to suffer, like all the recent discussions of sex in relation to the army and everything else, from following the conventional social-worker line. Do you welfarers wish to eliminate prostitution or sexual intercourse? Permit the social ostrich to pull his head out of the sand long enough to set us straight on that point.

Your article said that 75 per cent of venereal diseases in boom towns were contracted from women who charged for their services. Yet I have been told that in some cities the doctors have more venereal patients among non-professionals. Of course, you would not dare to publish such statistics if you had them, because that isn't the social-worker line.

But aside from that, if you succeed in squelching prostitution, what then? Does any one in his senses really believe that millions of men will take a vow of abstinence, and stick to it, for the duration? What's the point of all the holier-than-thou preaching, and all the police action, when there seems to be no substitute for sex?

B.S.S.

Atlanta,
Georgia.

YOUNGSTERS AND OLDSTERS AS SOLDIERS

SIR: I have seen action twice as a soldier: at ages seventeen and forty-two. When I hear Americans debating the draft of youngsters and the proper age limits for oldsters, I feel that I can possibly contribute conclusions based on experience.

I was freshly out of college when World War I broke over Europe. It was possible, at that time, in Austria, for young men with certain academic qualifications to enroll in the Reserve Officers' School after a brief period of army apprenticeship. I remember that the boys who joined me in that first enlistment looked upon this school as a kind of post-

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graduate course, a continuation of the classroom routine which, through four years, had become a matter of familiar habit. We studied tactics instead of history, artillery instead of mathematics. But the transition was for us a simple and natural process. We were young, adaptable, and had not yet accustomed ourselves to the individuality of success in business or professional careers. There were no problems of financial dependence or emotional liabilities to tear our thoughts and hopes and yearnings away from the disciplines of war. And we were physically tough, with the resilience of youth. The terrors of combat, the hardships of trench life, the rigors of climate, were only aspects of a great adventure into which we were ready to launch ourselves with gusto.

But the older men found the going hard. Many of them had been out of the classroom for ten, fifteen, twenty years. They had lived the comfortable life of established citizens in assorted fields. They had wives, children, homes, debts, a thousand pulls in the direction of the old life. Their memories were not as keen as they once had been. Their constitutions, softened by ease, were unfitted for the rugged routines of army life. Their personalities, geared to individuality, were resistant to the pressures of army regimentation. At graduation time, a number of these candidates, one a well-known lawyer, another a writer of reputation, were unable to pass the examination, though we seventeen and eighteen-year-olds graduated easily.

At the front, too, the contrasts were striking. I remember how my own body reacted to the first experience of field existence, the sleeping on the bare ground with a stone under my head, the exposure to wind and weather, the proximity to all the elemental and dangerous aspects of the fighting man's experience. Like other boys of my generation, I had been accustomed to indoor life, for the most part, and should, by all the laws of logic, have suffered severely from this sudden transition. Yet my body never once went on strike. I had the resistance native to youth, the muscular resilience, the adventurous spirit. My older comrades, the men between thirty-five and fifty, however, suffered. Many of them succumbed to disease, to illness, the nervous shock of gun-fire close at hand, the intense cold, the myriad vexations of trench life. At that time, it seemed strange to me.

Twenty-five years later, returning to the battlefields — this time in Finland — I understood their distress. I was no longer the easily-assimilated soldier of World War I. I had to train my spirit, my senses, my body, my entire mentality, to the unfamiliar tasks of war. In Officers' school, where I was required to brush up briefly on earlier courses, memory had to be re-geared to action. And always, in the back of my mind, were worries stirred: Was the family well? Who was replacing me in the job I had left? If I came back, tired and ill, would I have the stamina to take up again where I had left off? Briefly, I was no longer young.

That first time, going to war as a boy of seventeen, it hadn't occurred to me to wonder about the future. All during those four years, while I was becoming acquainted with death and mutilation and horrible psychical dislocations in the thousands of men around me, never once did I acknowledge the fear that I might die. I can remember making exciting furlough plans in the midst of rolling fire and bayonet battle. Most of the youngsters had that kind of optimism and it kept us immune to mental strain. Personally, I cannot recall a single boy who succumbed to madness on the battlefield, but I remember several such episodes among the older soldiers. When I returned as a middle-aged man to fight in World War II, the fear of death was part of my attitude to war itself. And, beyond that, was another, more profound awareness — of the pain of humanity's larger suffering, and the knowledge that all the world was in peril of its life.

It seems to me altogether clear, therefore, that war is a young man's job. The United Nations cannot afford to leave their best soldiers behind the lines.

MAJOR ERWIN LESSNER

New York City.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

SHOLEM ASCH is one of the greatest living Yiddish writers. He had won preeminence as a novelist and dramatist among his own people before the English-reading public became aware of his talent through such works as *The Nazarene*, *Three Cities*, and *What I Believe*. Born in Kutno, Poland, sixty-two years ago, Mr. Asch came to the United States in 1914. He is now a naturalized citizen. He is hard at work on a Biblical novel based on the lives of Peter and Paul. . . . LUCIUS BEEBE has chronicled the doings of pub-crawling New Yorkers since 1933, when his syndicated column "This New York" first appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune*. A lounging encyclopedia of good living, he is an authority on clothes, wine, food, *belles lettres* and — amazingly — railroading. . . . ELLIOTT V. BELL is a veteran newspaperman who is now an editorial writer for the New York *Times*. . . . DR. EDWARD J. BING was for many years chief of the European service of the United Press. Journalist, soldier, philosopher, he fought with the Turkish Army in World War I and spent many years in North Africa and the Near East. . . . GEORGE CREEL was Chairman of the Committee on Public Information in the first World War, a position equivalent to the one held today by Elmer Davis. He is a journalist by profession, having edited the Denver *Post* and other newspapers before 1917, and after the war, returned to his writing. He is the author of a long array of political and historical works. Recently, he moved to Washington in connection with a series of articles for magazines. . . . CHENOWETH HALL, born in Indiana in 1908, is now writing fiction in Maine. She is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, has played in string quartets, and for five years, wrote copy for an advertising agency. . . . JAMES STANIFORD is the pen-name of a Washington correspondent. . . . MARY VAN RENSSELAER THAYER is a globe-trotter, reporter and socialite. Her globe-trotting included three trips to Russia, fourteen summers in the Balkans and three journeys to South America. In nine years of newspapering, she covered the Hauptmann trial, the Coronation, the Duke of Windsor's wedding and other top assignments. For a period, she worked as society editor of the New York *World-Telegram*. Her new book, *The Life of Mme. Wellington Koo*, will be published in February. . . . WILLIAM Y. TINDALL directs graduate work in the English Department at Columbia University. He is the author of *D. H. Lawrence and Susan His Cow*, which appeared recently.

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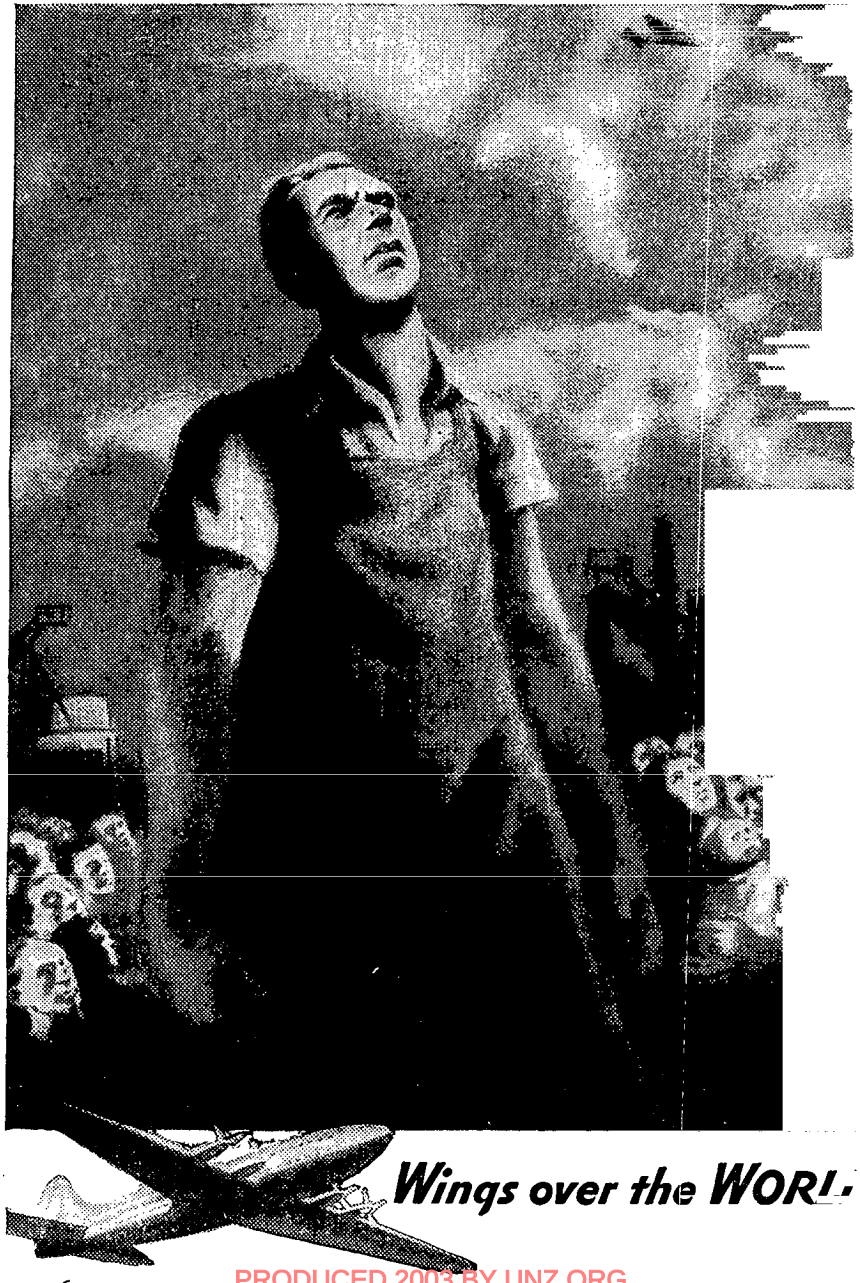

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"Their Sufferings Will Not Have Been in Vain"

by THE LEADER of FREE ITALY,
CARLO SFORZA
(former Italian Foreign Minister)

What kind of post-war world are we fighting to create? Pan American has presented answers to this question by such leaders of thought as Dr. John Dewey and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here Carlo Sforza, tells you what he sees—for the future.

DECLARED, in a recent speech at Montevideo, that the first duty of a ee Italy will be "*ardent support of an or- mized world with no more place for the rchical independence of the nationalistic tes.*" I was not surprised when this atement met with cheers from Italians o had assembled to meet me from all rts of Latin America.

What is true for Italy, which has bitterly arned the folly of aggressive wars, is ually true for America. No American should forget that in the coming world even the Ocean will be no more than a big river. The era of isolation is gone forever.

War always means suffering. But our sufferings in this "toughest of all wars" will not have been in vain since we are beginning to learn:—

(a) INDIVIDUALLY: that Liberty is a right which must be won anew by the common people in each generation;

(b) NATIONALLY: that the previous complete independence of Nations must cease. They must submit to a superior international law.

We must resolve that frontiers will no longer mean what they meant up until 1939. I foresee a Peace Conference at which we might agree to draw in frontiers very lightly—with a pencil and not in indelible ink.

Sforza

HE day that Victory is earned by the United - Nations, air transport travel costs will, we elieve, be brought within the reach of common en everywhere.

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